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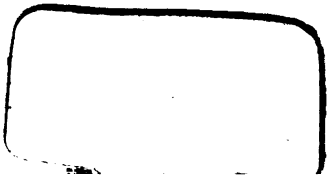

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Morse

Rebecca. Haig

Year 1896

Rebecca. Haig

Year 1896

RESIDENCE OF JOHN M. MORSE, PASSAIC, N. J.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

JOHN M. MORSE

NEW YORK
THE LAFAYETTE PRESS
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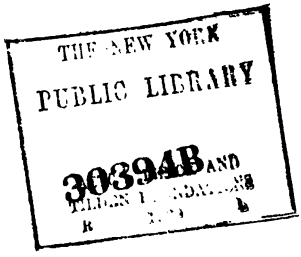
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Dedication.

In school life—how natural it seems to have warm attachments for congenial class-mates.

In army life—how natural that those who have shared in the hardships and dangers of the march and the battle should be drawn together by their common trials, and common dangers.

In the family—how natural that a true union in early life, made possible by love, should grow stronger and stronger from year to year:—that common joys and sorrows, common cares and trials, common hopes and fears, common faith and trust, should bind them more closely together, with a silken cord of love, that grows stronger and stronger, by the addition of strand after strand, as the years go by.

To the sharer of all my joys, sorrows, hopes, fears, cares, perplexities, trials and crosses, gains and losses, successes and failures:—to the one who has admonished me for my faults,—counselled me for my good,—warned me from danger,—encouraged me in every good word and work;—to the one who, year by year, has added her full share to my cup of happiness:—to my wife,—I take great pleasure in dedicating this book of poems.

JOHN M. MORSE

PASSAIC, N. J., July 21, 1895.

WOR 19FEB'36

GREETING.

I.

From friendly lips, we oft have heard
(We now recall the pleasant word),
"Oh, put your poems in a book!"
We've done your bidding: take a look.
If that which here you see shall prove
To quicken zeal, or kindle love,
For noble living—heavenly gain—
We'll count our labor not in vain.

II.

The writer trusts you may not find
Discordant words, or thoughts unkind.
Through pleasant drives, or mem'ries dear;
With thoughts of war, or words of cheer;
In warning voice, or rev'rent strain;
In thoughtful mood, or lighter vein;—
Whate'er the theme, may each impart
A valued lesson for the heart.

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Memories of Childhood

THE COON.

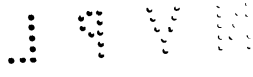
In the fall of the year, when the corn-field
  In its beauty and glory appears,
When 'tis ripening fast for the harvest
  An abundant supply of choice ears,
Then it is that the coon, from his cover,
  Comes so stealthily down to the corn;
Like a thief, all his mean depredations
  Are committed 'twixt sun down and morn.

We have seen where this midnight marauder
  Has been helping himself to the grain;
We have noticed the wanton destruction—
  'Tis no wonder the farmers complain.
We have seen the old farmer's impatience—
  Heard him say, with a shake of his head:
"So destructive a creature the coon is,
  I could wish every one of them dead!"

'Tis no wonder the farmers go "cooning;"
Self-protection impels to the act.
With a dog, and an ax, and a lantern,
They would go where the coons could be track'd
So when coons might be found in the corn-field,
They would cautiously go to the rear,
And the dog would start out on a circuit,
While they waited conveniently near.

If the coon chanced to be in the corn-field,
His escape he could seldom make good,
For the swift-footed dog was upon him
Long before he could get to the wood.
Then a life-and-death struggle would follow,
And the hunters would quickly arrive
To assist in the unequal contest,
If, perchance, the poor coon was alive.

It was sometimes the case that another,
Than the one that was captured, was there:
He made haste to escape to the forest,
Lest the fate of the first he should share.
When the dog was released from the struggle,
He would quickly encircle the place,
Strike the newly made track of the culprit,
And go bounding away in the chase.



How exciting it was, as they listened;
He was gaining, they knew, by the sound.
He was nearing his victim each moment;
Short and sharp was the bark of the hound.
All at once there was silence. They waited
To detect what the next bark would be.
As expected, 'twas clearer and louder,
And they knew 'twas a "bark up a tree!"

Then they hastened to find where the tree was,
And the bark of the dog was a guide.
Soon they stood at the base of a maple,
Where fresh scratches were seen, up the side.
There the coon had escaped from the slayer,
And was hoping for safety from all,
But the man with the axe commenced chopping,
And the tree with the coon had to fall.

In a trice, the trained dog was at tree-top,
And the coon in the grasp of his jaws.
Then the battle was speedily ended,
Notwithstanding strong teeth and sharp claws.
Then for home started farmer and party;
Their success made their spirits run high.
On the side of the barn the next morning
Two more coon-skins were stretched out to dry.

'Twas the coon's sad misfortune to hanker
For the grain that the farmer had grown.
But remember, 'tis never a safe thing
To go reaping where others have sown.
It is well to dig up your own garden—
Do the digging for which you were born.
Don't depend on another man's labor,
Or you'll fail, like the coons in the corn.

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

It was four in the morning, and Robin awoke ;
With bright cheery music, the stillness he broke.
He was safe in the tree during all the night long,
And the first rays of light he would greet with a song.
"Cheereup, cheereup, chee-chi-ree,"
Thus sang Robin, so happy was he.

From a tree that was near, came an echoing voice,
For another glad Robin awoke to rejoice.
Oh, so grateful was he, he was full of his song,
He would sing it, at intervals, all the day long.
"Cheereup, cheereup, chee-chi-ree,"
Thus sang Robin, so joyous and free.

In a brief space of time, all the Robins around
Had united in making the heavens resound
With their glad songs of praise, for protection and care,
And a chorus delightful was filling the air.
"Cheereup, cheereup, chee-chi-ree,"
Oh, how happy the Robins can be.

"It is morning," sang Robin, "awake from your sleep,
For the first rays of light are beginning to creep
O'er the woodlands, the hills, and the meadows so green;
'Tis as charming a morning as ever was seen.
Wake ye up, wake ye up, chee-chi-ree,
Look without, look about," thus sang he.

"Wide awake," sang the Robins, "arise from your bed:
'Tis a bright joyous morning, the darkness has fled,
Join with us in a song, for God's care through the night;
Sing His praise, as the author and giver of light.
Cheereup, cheereup, chee-chi-ree,
Oh, give thanks for His watch over thee."

YOUTHFUL JOYS.

When we think of the home of our childhood,
And the bright, sunny days of the past,
There is much we in memory cherish,
That was sweet, but too transient to last.
There were days that were brimful of pleasure,
There were hours of exquisite bliss,
When we had not a care for the morrow,
Or a grief—but would yield to a kiss.

There were joyous excursions in spring-time,
For the violets found near the wood;
For the wild flowers deep in the forest,
Where the beech and the tall maple stood.
Early flowers of spring we would gather,
Of the red, or the yellow, or white;
Running hither and yon for the beauties—
Hailing each with a shout of delight!

There was hunting the corners, in meadows,
When the time for wild strawberries came;
There was also the searching of hillsides,
For the berries were there just the same.
And when, later, the blackberries ripened,
We have taken our pails on our arms,
And have filled them with berries the finest,
From the newly cleared fields of the farms.

When the autumn had come with its fruitage,
An abundance was sure to please.
There were peaches, pears, plums, and choice apples,
To repay for the care of the trees.
We have often strolled out in the morning,
For the fruit that would fall in the night.
Often found, to our great satisfaction,
Many choice ones were lying in sight.

When the nut-bearing trees in the forest
Yielded treasure for squirrel and boy,
We have welcomed that time in the autumn,
We have hailed it with wild shouts of joy!
We have risen before it was morning,
And prepared, by a candle or lamp,
For a visit to far-away nut trees—
For an out-and-out regular tramp!

With a lunch for the hungry time coming,
And a surplus of strong, empty sacks,
We marched off to those trees in the forest,
And returned with the spoils on our backs
But so weary—we questioned the profit
That accrued at the cost of such pains
Cracking jokes, and the nuts, winter evenings,
We decided to count them as gains!

When the chilling frost came to the sumac,
Turning berries and leaves to bright red,
When it dashed brightest tints on the maple,
Till of color no more could be said;
We rejoiced at the beauty around us,
Without giving its short life a thought,
Quite content with the joy of the present—
With the glory the autumn had brought.

* * * * *

But, of all things that gladdened our childhood,
There was nothing to us half so dear
As our mother, so true and so loving,
Ever ready to counsel and cheer.
Was there trouble to darken our pathway?
Were we tempted to anger and strife?
Mother's counsel of prudence and wisdom
Called us back to a more noble life.

She was brave when a danger was threat'ning,
To the needy extending a hand;
She befriended the weak and the helpless,
And for righteousness—bold was her stand!
She had tears for those passing through trials,
And her words helped to soften their grief;
Ever ready to make burdens lighter,
She withheld not the needed relief.

There's a halo of gladness extending
Over all those bright days of the past;
For the life, voice, and smiles of our mother
On our hearts made impressions to last.
May we follow her footsteps more closely,
And thus honor the guide of our youth;
Follow her, as she followed her Saviour,
Standing fast on the rock-bed of truth!

THE CROW.

When the snow-banks of winter were melting,
And broad patches of earth became bare;
Then the crows could be seen in great numbers:
Oh, how rapid their flight through the air.
Reconnoitering crows gave the signal,
Of a carcass half hid by the snow;
And, in answer, they quickly assembled.
What a feast for a carrion crow!

Then the farmer would take down his shot-gun,
With great caution advance and take aim:
At the place where they gathered the thickest,
He was likely to bring down his game.
With the flash and report, wild commotion
Filled the air, as they started in flight;
Only dead ones remained at the carcass—
All the rest quickly vanished from sight.

Crows are ever exceedingly cautious ;
Of a man with his gun they are shy.
So alert, you can seldom get near them,
And before one can shoot them, they fly.
Do you wonder the farmer dislikes them ?
See the corn he is planting in rows.
When it springs up, and nicely is growing,
It is often destroyed by the crows !

To the farmer, the crows are a nuisance.
Wide awake, they are up in the morn ;
And while he may be taking his breakfast,
Many crows may be taking his corn !
So the farmer makes ready a scarecrow,
And it sometimes resembles a man.
With an image, and clappers, he scares them,
But he shoots them, whenever he can.

If the crow had but stuck to his business,
Then the farmer had been his best friend.
But he left that which nature provided,
And his thieving no one can commend.
Don't go thieving around ; it is wicked :
'Twill disgrace you wherever you go.
'Tis far better sometimes to go hungry
Than to be like a troublesome crow !

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

On Ontario's shore, near the outlet
  Of the Bald Eagle creek, a rude stone
Marked a place that for years was held sacred—
  'Twas the grave of a person unknown.
All unknown, and alone—was that stranger,
  All his cares, all his labors were o'er:
He was found by a party, in passing,
  And they buried him there, on the shore.

Where his home? What his name, or his station?
  Who the friends that had stood by his side?
What he said? What he did? What he suffered?
  What his hopes? How he lived? How he died?
No response came from breezes that fanned us;
  No response from the incoming wave!
No response from the sun in the heavens;
  No response from the depths of the grave.

Had he father or mother awaiting
His return from this far-distant shore ?
Had he brothers and sisters who wondered
When he'd come home, to journey no more ?
Had he wife—had he children—who loved him,
And who longed for his loving embrace ?
Nevermore could they meet him or greet him—
For he died without leaving a trace !

Did a storm, in its fury, o'ertake him ?
Was his life blotted out by a wave ?
Whatsoever the cause of life's ending,
There he rests, undisturbed in the grave !
There are tears in the dew-drops and rain-drops,
There are sighs in the waves' distant roar !
For a requiem o'er the departed,
Comes the ripple of waves on the shore !

Some depart, when surrounded by loved ones—
When all nature is joyous and bright ;
Others sink to their rest in the valley,
As the sun, in the west, sinks from sight.
Some go down in a whirlwind, or tempest,
Or, when lightnings are rending the sky ;
Some go down in the heat of the battle,—
Where the conflict is fiercest—they die !

What a strange thing is life! How uncertain!
The dread summons will come—by-and-by.
Are we richer, or poorer?—no matter—
For the rich and the poor alike die!
Let us rest in the promise of blessing—
In the Christ who for sinners was slain!
We in triumph shall rise, through His merits;
If we trust Him, 'twill not be in vain.

FISHING.

Of the sports most attractive in childhood,
We remember that *fishing* was one.
Although often it turned out a failure,
There was in it a great deal of fun.
After patiently watching and striving,
To our home we've been able to bring,
As a proof of success in the business,
Just a few little fish, on a string.

At the bridge, o'er the stream, in the highway,
There we gathered, with boys that lived near.
'Twas a meeting place very convenient,
For a whistle we always could hear.
Many times, on that bridge, we've been seated,
With our feet dangling over the brook,
And have patiently fished for the shiners,
With a pin doubled up for a hook.

What a picture was seen, by reflection,
While we captured the shiners with glee.
There were youngsters below, just as happy,
For they captured as many as we.
So the pleasures of fishing were doubled,
By the party we saw in the stream.
'Twas a new revelation of wonders—
A new world in our fanciful dream!

In the spring-time, when frosts had departed,
And the Yanty* began to run clear,
Up the stream, from the lake, the fish started,
And the season for fishing was near.
Many times, with delight, we have wandered,
Up and down on the banks of the brook;
We have spied the sly fishes in hiding,
And have caught them with spear or with hook.

But the fishing, to us, most inviting,
Was with spears, and with torches for light;
When the fishes came out from their hiding,
For a run up the stream in the night.
With the glare of a torch we could stop them—

*The "Yanty" is a small stream, running north-easterly through parts of Orleans and Monroe counties, in Western New York, and emptying into Lake Ontario.

They would seem to know nothing of fear.
It was then they were easily captured,
By the plunge of a well-balanced spear.

For our torches, the bark had been gathered
From the hickory trees in the wood.
It was mostly obtained from the shag-barks,
And was stripp'd from the trees, where they stood
Then from storms it was carefully sheltered,
For the purpose of keeping it dry,
When, at last, it was made into torches,
On its light we could always rely.

In our boyhood, that season for fishing
Brought a pleasure we ne'er can forget:
With our spears, and our torches uplifted,
We have waded the stream—and got wet!
But what matter, to us, was the wetting?
In our ardor, we'd never a care!
While with spears we could throw out the fishes
That would stop, being dazed by the glare.

There the father, his sons, and his neighbors,
Oft would join in the sport of the night.
Interesting it was to beholders—

E'en the dog dashed about with delight!
Blazing torches—the spears—and the fishes,
Had a charm for the average boy.
'Twas a picture, as now we recall it,
Full of life, of excitement, and joy

When the sport of the evening was over,
We have counted our booty with pride;
And experienced great satisfaction,
When, for breakfast, the fishes were fried.
Food we win for ourselves is a blessing.
Honest effort enriches the dish.
Never *king* ever relished his breakfast
More than *we* as we ate of the fish.

THE HAWK.

In the season when chickens were plenty,
And before they were able to fly,
We have heard warning cries from the rooster,
And have looked for the hawk in the sky.
Round and round, high in air, he was floating,
Slowly floating, while watching to slay!
Almost motionless, there he was poising,
Getting ready to pounce on his prey!

Then the mother, in haste, called her chickens,
And how quickly they came at her call!
While the proud chanticleer, in defiance,
Gave a sharp and a resolute squall!
The combatants were ready for action:
Woe to chicks should they carelessly stray!
But the brood was so faithfully guarded,
That the hawk, in disgust, flew away.

But, returning, he still sought a victim,
And he slowly came sailing around,
In the hope that a poor thoughtless chicken
Might, astray from its mother, be found.
But the farmer had brought out his rifle,
And the hawk, up so high, had a fall;
For, while hovering over his victim,
He was pierced through the heart with a ball!

But the chick was not always so lucky
That had strayed from its mother away,
For before it could get back to shelter,
To the hawk it had fallen a prey!
Here's a lesson for young men and maidens,
Who would leave the protection of home:
In the pathway of truth there is safety;
From that path never venture to roam.

Be not anxious to sever your home-ties,
Till you're strong for the battle of life:
Take advice from your parents, who love you,
And the armor of God for the strife.
Oh, the victims now fallen in battle—
Human vultures had marked for their prey!
They had slighted the armor provided;
From the Rock they had wandered away.

THE PIONEERS.

To the Pioneers of Western New York, and their numerous descendants, this poem is respectfully dedicated, by

THE AUTHOR.

From the old Granite State, came our parents,
Full of zeal, full of courage and hope.
They were ready to share in life's trials,
And, if need be, with dangers to cope.
'Twas for better or worse they had plighted
All their heart's warm affection and love,
They would shrink from no duties or hardships,
Their unselfish devotion to prove.

From their homes, from their friends and their kindred,
They went out to life's labor and care;
With their hands and their hearts they were ready—
Ever ready to do and to dare.
Never once did they yield to repinings
(Though discouragements come to the best),
For a home of their own they were seeking—
For a home in the "Wilds of the West!"

On a farm in the "North Woods" they settled;
'Twas to Western New York they had come;
It was on the right bank of the Yanty
They decided to locate the home.
Slightly rising the ground they selected,
And of timber it had to be cleared;
Then they cut shapely trees from the forest,
Out of which the log-cabin was reared.

At one end was an old-fashioned fireplace,
And above it a chimney of sticks:
Well-protected they were, with mud mortar,
These were used in the absence of bricks.
'Twas a lowly log-cabin they builded—
One that pride would be likely to shun:
There was only one room and an attic,
When the work of construction was done.

How our mother contrived to arrange it,
It would puzzle most people to know:
But when thought is for comfort of others,
To success all such thinking will grow.
For partitions, she hung up some blankets,
To enclose a small space for a bed:
As sawed lumber was scarce and expensive,
These would answer the purpose instead.

Then the attic she also divided
By the hanging of quilts here and there:
They were fastened along on the rafters,
Giving space for a bed and a chair.
Mother's skill made such quarters inviting.
When the time had arrived to retire,
The low attic was reached by a ladder
At the left of the great kitchen fire.

When we think of that fire, a picture
Comes before us, as clear as the light.
Oh, what pleasure, what comfort around it,
With the family home for the night!
By the hearth-stone we all of us gathered
From our school, from our work, from our play.
With our studies and labors all ended,
We could rest at the close of the day.

'Twas a broad open space,
With a back-log in place,
And the andirons standing before.
Across these were sticks
We could easily fix
So the blazes would crackle and roar.

Though the winds howled around
O'er the snow-covered ground,

And a snow-bank was piled at the door,
We had little of care
For the frost in the air,
For the blazes leaped up all the more.

In the coals of the fire
Was a stately church-spire,
And a long row of houses near by.
There a broad, winding lane
Stretched away o'er the plain,
To a mountain that reached to the sky.

On the stick just below,
All the coals were aglow
With the brightness and glare of the sun;
While the clouds very near,
In the ashes were clear,
For the clouds and the ashes were one.

Back and forth through the fire,
Troops advanced, to retire
As a breath of air swept o'er the field;
And the heat, all aglow,
Quickly moved to and fro,
As if fully resolved not to yield.

So we looked in the fire,
And found views to admire,

As by fancy our vision was aided;
We saw spires and lanes,
Houses, mountains, and plains—
Even armies before us paraded!

When at last coals had burned,
And to ashes had turned,
When the blazes had gone, one by one;
Then the hour to retire
Was made known by the fire,
That before us so brightly had shone.

At the right of the fireplace spacious,
A partition was built alongside,
Cutting off a small corner for pantry—
'Twas the best that their means could provide.
To the right of the pantry, a table,
And a window above it, though small;
Then a cupboard, with dishes and cookies,
And a lot of good things for us all.

Next to that stood the clock, always ticking;
And, for time, it was true as the sun.
It was tall, like its neighbor, the cupboard,
And, when wound, for a day it would run.
Oh, how loudly it ticked off the seconds!
When awake, we have listened at night:

Slow—and measured—its ticking and striking,
As it marked time's unvarying flight.

Near the clock was a bed, in the corner—
Then a mirror and stand came to view;
Then a bureau and window above it;
Next, the corner with bed number two.
Quite complete is the list we have given
Of the furnishings plain that were there.
If a space is found anywhere vacant,
We should put in a splint-bottom chair.

Trees were blazed for the roads thro' the forest,
For the lines, and the corners of lots.
Oh, how much of hard work was before them!
But such work was improving their plots.
Neighbors' houses were not very plenty;
Every new one was hailed with delight.
There was gladness when forests were levelled,
For the trees kept them all out of sight.

At the left of the house, toward the highway,
They selected a place for a well.
There they dug for the clear, sparkling water
So essential where families dwell.
And they found it as clear as a crystal—
As refreshing as rain from the skies:

With a well-sweep, a pole, and a bucket,
They could bring up abundant supplies.

Near the house, a log-barn was erected,
With a stable and scaffolds and bay.
There they carefully sheltered the cattle—
There they stored all their grain and their hay.
For the poultry, the barn was headquarters,
Giving shelter and safety at night ;
There the hens showed a genius for hiding—
Hiding nests was their special delight.

Farm and lots were soon outlined by fences,
And the stumps and their roots disappeared.
When the land was prepared for the ploughshare,
Then the heart of the farmer was cheered.
He arose with the sun, in the morning,
Tilled the soil, to prepare for the grain :
Sowed the seed for an incoming harvest,
Trusting God for the sunshine and rain.

Trees were planted for fruits in their season,
Apples, peaches, plums, cherries, and pears.
With the years, they increased in their fruitage,
And repaid them for troublesome cares.
So the farmer, by toiling, was prospered.
Earnest effort insures success.

Where the hand of the diligent soweth,
  There, a harvest is sure to bless.

But when sickness invaded the household—
  When the mother was prostrate in bed ;
When the children were smitten with fever—
  When the father was trembling with dread :
Then a call from some kind-hearted neighbor
  Would their pressing distresses relieve ;
Tho' their multiplied hardships were bitter—
  Over hardships 'twas useless to grieve.

When we're passing through trials, a kindness
  Makes its way to the heart that is sad :
And the heart of the one who has done it,
  In the doing is also made glad.
Thus true hearts are united by trials—
  Acts of kindness are born from above :
And *imparting,* as well as *receiving,*
  Teaches plainly the lesson of love.

So the neighbors, tho' distant their houses,
  And tho' hid from each other by trees,
Were united in purpose and feeling,—
  Each another one striving to please.
An attachment thus sprung up between them,
  As they mingled their hopes and their fears,

That was strengthened as time hastened onward—
They could never forget early years.

Not alone did they cultivate farm lands,
For the school-house and church had their share.
There was work to be done for the Master,
There was culture of mind—there was prayer.
In all this they were not to be idle,
For the minds of the children must grow.
In their hearts must be scattered the "good seed,"
For "we reap—surely reap, as we sow."

Oh, the home which we all loved so dearly—
Has been levelled by time in its flight!
And the fire that burned there so brightly,
Has gone out in the darkness of night!
Gone! the loved ones who toiled for their children,
Work all ended—they labor no more.
Home is gone! and the children are scattered!
May we meet on the glorified shore.

This brief sketch is a type of the many
Who sought homes in that settlement new.
Tho' their trials were great, they succeeded,
For their purpose was noble and true.
Rude their houses, their barns, and surroundings,
Altho' poor—of the rich, they were peers!
There was thrift, with true courage and manhood,
In the homes of those brave pioneers.

THE YANTY CREEK.

Hard by the home where first we saw the light,
At base of hill with elevation slight,
An unpretentious stream, with ceaseless flow,
Conveys its waters to the lake below.
When all around was new, and lofty trees
Let in the light and warmth by slow degrees,
Then, waters held by frosts were kept in store
A longer time, and made its volume more.

Much larger then the stream appeared to be,
Much larger than the stream which now we see.
And winding back and forth like serpent's coil,
Its changing current made it foam and boil;
And, rushing on, thro' all its downward course,
When filled its banks, it showed resistless force.
That force controll'd, would serve the wants of man.
Sharp eyes soon saw the need, and formed the plan.

A mile above our home, across its track
A dam was built, to hold its waters back.
'Twas thus the Yanty's pow'r was held in store,
A mighty force, that ran to waste before.
Its pent-up waters could be used at will
To turn the pond'rous wheel, and start the mill.
Great logs could then be changed by apt device,
To boards of width and thickness, most precise.

When gates were shut, then came an overflow:
In glassy sheets, it filled the pools, below.
At proper time, the farmer and his men
Drove out the sheep, and placed them in a pen.
Then, one by one, they took them 'neath the fall,
And with the pouring waters washed them all.
With fleeces white, from out those pools so deep,
The farmer homeward drove his flock of sheep.

Once, melting snows and heavy rains combined,
To liberate the waters there confined.
The dam gave way before their mighty force,
Which carried great destruction in its course.
Like *fiend* in wildest mood, on rushed the flood,
As if to slake its longing thirst for blood!
On! on it rushed, with loud and sullen roar—
While grasping all in reach, it cried for more.

The farmer's ear was quick to catch the sound.
In haste he drove his stock to higher ground.
And lucky he, if naught was left behind,
Of all his flocks, for hungry flood to find!
But all things movable were swept away—
Loose boards and logs, and rails and stacks of hay.
And bridges, lifted from foundations strong,
By whirling, boiling floods were borne along.

As when a wild tornado passes by,
And leaves o'erhead a brighter, clearer sky,
With zephyrs softly floating in the air,
To tell of sweet repose, and visions fair;
So, when the angry flood had spent its force,
The stream once more resum'd its wonted course;
Its roaring sank to whispers soft and low—
So gently gliding was its onward flow.

The rustic bridge across that little stream;
The mossy bank where one could sleep and dream;
The stepping-stones from near to farther shore;
The ledge of rock 'round which the waters pour:
In many lives these scenes have played a part:
They all could tell us stories of the heart.
In sketch so brief, we have but faintest gleam
Of that which tells the romance of the stream.

THE BOULDER.

I.

Close by the school, where, in our youthful days,
We earned our share of censure and of praise,
A massive stone with rounded form was found—
'Twas just across the street from school-house ground.
Around that stone the children oft were seen,
Without a thought of where it might have been.
Each youthful face with health and gladness shone,
While tripping 'round that solitary stone.

II.

So hard, so firmly set, it was not strange
That on that stone there were no signs of change.
Imbedded deeply in the stubborn clay,
'Twas there, while generations passed away.
At last, with drilling implements, *some one*
Attacked that massive stone, for gain or fun,
And with a powder-blast, 'tis plain to see,
Of that which was but one, there now are three.

III.

Now those three stones across the street are found.
Great force was used to move them o'er the ground.
And there they rest—no crumbling or decay
Gives evidence that they shall waste away.
That stone was once in some far-distant place.
Its long, eventful journey none can trace!
We plainly see, now we are older grown,
A grand old boulder in that massive stone.

IV.

What mighty throes of nature gave it birth,
And on its grinding journey sent it forth:
How far it travelled on an icy floe,
And where 'twas smoothly polished—none can know.
Its record is a blank! We cannot tell
From what huge tow'ring cliff that boulder fell!
And, question as we may, no light appears
To tell us when, or mark the flight of years.

V.

How great is the unknown! This earth of ours
Has much we cannot solve, with all our pow'rs!
The mystery remains! our efforts vain!
Fair science tries, but fails to make it plain.
A little, here and there, we chance to know:
We study nature's wondrous laws, and grow.
But try as best we may, there still is found
A vast unknown—a mystery profound!

THE OLD HOME.

Where'er our lot, where'er we chance to roam,
We turn for restful thoughts to childhood's home ;
To that dear spot where life with us began,
When youthful hope illumined every plan.
'Twas there the old familiar dwelling stood,
The place from which our father cleared the wood.
Down came the trees, the log-house soon was reared,
And in that forest wild a *home* appeared.

'Twas there our parents dwelt for many years,
Elated or depressed by hopes or fears.
'Twas there they toiled to rear their little brood,
Provide with clothing and with wholesome food ;
'Twas there they drilled us in our " A, B, C,"
And taught us rightly what our lives should be.
Commending us to God in earnest prayer,
They trusted all to His protecting care.

Beneath that roof, for rest, at close of day,
From school or field, from labor or from play,
Whate'er the task or pleasure, at its close
'Twas there we found refreshment and repose.
To us, that lowly home was bright and fair;
More sumptuous homes could not with it compare.
No place on earth so dear to youthful hearts,
No other place than home such joy imparts.

The years have come and gone! Oh, do we dream?
We're at the bridge that spans the little stream.
We look to where the old log-house once stood;
Old scenes spring up; we're in a pensive mood.
But what a change! we scarce repress our tears:
That dear old home has vanished with the years.
Of all that once was home, there's not a trace.
There's not a *log* remaining in its place.

An open field is all that can be seen;
They plough above the place where it has been.
The ploughboy whistles as he drives his team
Where we so oft indulged in life's young dream.
From hearthstone where we basked in golden light,
While all without was wrapped in shades of night,
No smoke ascends to greet the rising sun,
No fire burns, when busy days are done.

All, all is changed! There's now no open door;
No parents wait to greet us, as of yore.
They've left their old familiar haunts, and we
Now look in vain that early home to see.
The stars o'erhead keep ever on their way,
But all things earthly perish and decay.
Here houses crumble—we their loss deplore,
God's temple fair abideth evermore!

Drives Around Passaic

DRIVES AROUND PASSAIC.

A METRICAL PASTORAL SUGGESTED BY NEW JERSEY SCENES.

PRELUDE.

As strangers here, not many years ago,
We took our drives now here, now there, to know
Which roads were best: which gave the most delight;
Which gave us views most pleasing to the sight.
It mattered not which way we chanced to ride,
The roads, to us, were new, and all untried.
We travelled north and south, and east and west,
And now we write of those which pleased us best.

DRIVES AROUND PASSAIC

THE RIVER DRIVE.

I.

The smiling landscapes near a flowing stream
Do oft surpass creations of a dream.
Their lines of beauty, changing as we go,
Combine anew, and other landscapes show.
Such charming scenes can never fail to make
The River Drive a pleasant drive to take.
So, turning downward, toward the distant bay,
We oft have watched the changes of the way.

II.

There comes the "Queen," all animate with steam.
It brings a merry party down the stream.
We watch its graceful movement with delight,
It seems so like a fairy in its flight.
With flag unfurled, and waving in the breeze,
It is a sight that never fails to please.
With whistle shrill, it shows so much of life,
Our prancing steed is eager for a strife.

III.

She takes a lively trot, and soon we find
The little "Queen" is dropping far behind
And now a walk she takes, so very slow
'Twould seem she never had a thought to go.
The "Queen" may whistle loudly as before,
She, jogging on, will notice it no more.
"Why waste my strength on you?" she seems to say,
"For when I try I quickly win the day."

IV.

The road leads on 'neath arch of branching trees,
Where shade and quiet all the senses please.
A squirrel takes the fence, and runs with glee,
As if to say: "You can't keep up with me."
The happy birds o'erhead break forth in song,
And thus they greet us as we pass along.
Such pleasing sights and sounds combine, to raise
Within our hearts, a glad response of praise.

V.

Passaic's lovely banks attract the eye,
And win the praise of every passer-by.
As on we go, the points of vision change,
And charming pictures come within our range.
From first to last, its panoramic view
Is ever beautiful and ever new.
Its sloping banks, and coves, and clumps of trees
In all their varied combinations, please.

VIEW ON THE PASSAIC RIVER.

VI.

In graceful curves, the waters glide around,
Sometimes by low, and then by higher ground,
And add their charm to all that pleased before:
A charm to challenge admiration, more.
A glint of azure sky, so clear and soft,
Delights the eye whene'er we look aloft.
But oft the sky, with fleecy clouds aglow,
More pleasing seems, reflected from below.

VII.

The baseball players, striving for their score;
Athletic club-men bending to the oar;
The hunter with his trusty dog and gun,
Returning homeward from a lively run;
The farmer, in the cool refreshing shade,
A little while reclining on his spade:
His humble home near by, and just before,
His faithful watch-dog lying at the door.

VIII.

A horseman riding o'er the country road;
A truckman moving on, with heavy load:
All these, in varied forms, do here combine;
We see their beauty all along the line.
And in those waters smooth the greater share
Of all their beauty is reflected there.
That perfect mirror gives another view:
Although inverted, 'tis to nature true.

IX.

As glides the river onward to the sea,
So glide our spirits toward eternity!
A constant flowing—'tis a thought sublime!
'Tis ever onward, like the course of time.
An eddy marks its way along the shore,
But onward still 'tis whirling evermore!
A point of land—a rock—may change its course,
But onward still it moves—a mighty force!

X.

It moves resistless to its far-off goal—
A type to man of his immortal soul,
That onward flies to GOD who gave it birth,
When freed from all the sordid cares of earth.
The days, the months, the years, are speeding on:
We sometimes think them slow, but soon they're gone!
This earthly life will quickly pass away—
Then comes the joy of life's unending day!

XI.

Glide on, O river! to the ocean wide,
But let thy lessons in our hearts abide.
Glide on! and leave thy source far, far behind:
Complete thy course: thy way is unconfined!
As naught prevents thy union at the last
With all the waters of the ocean vast,
May naught prevent our onward, upward course,
To God—at once our final end and source!

XII.

The River Drive presents so much to please—
So much of loveliness one hears and sees:
Such glad surprise, in river, land, and sky,
Is in reserve for watchful passers-by;
Such food for thought is in that flowing stream—
Such proof that life is not an idle dream:
'Tis nothing strange we often drive that way,
For restful scenes to close a busy day.

THE NEWARK DRIVE.

I.

One spring, we thought the Newark Drive to take,
When such a journey we had time to make.
But Franklin Avenue was poor indeed:
'Twas quite impossible to make much speed.
'Twas rough with stones, this side the county line—
So rough, you'd think it never could be fine.
The road beyond, across, was deep with mud,
As if submerged by deluge or by flood.

II.

The snow had disappeared, and all the frost
Had left the ground. We found this to our cost;
For every step we took, we nearly stuck
In that soft, yielding slough of mire and muck.
At last we landed on the "Boulevard"—
A beautiful broad street, quite smooth and hard.
We rested there a while—but still intent
On making explorations, on we went.

III.

Beyond the railway track, beside the road,
A fine old native elm before us stood.
'Twas bare of leaves, and yet its outline grand
Our highest admiration could command.
'Twas old, we knew, for massive trunk was there,
And branches large were lifted high in air.
Broad branches, too, extended far around,
And bending low, they nearly touched the ground.

IV.

That noble tree, symmetrical in form,
Had braved the lightning and defied the storm!
That noble tree for years, from day to day,
Had proudly stood, as guardian of the way.
When summer came, it took its native green,
And stood confessed the fairest object seen
For miles around. Its form and size and dress
Combined to tell its matchless loveliness.

V.

'Twas shelter for the birds from scorching rays
Of midday sun, in summer's sultry days.
'Twas shelter for the men with weary feet,
Its cool, inviting shade—a choice retreat.
Go on that road as often as we might,
That stately tree was always a delight.
Well might it win an approbative nod:
That grand old tree! the handiwork of God!

VI.

The Boulevard beyond was very fine—
In fact, 'twas pleasing all along the line.
To gentle slope, each hill was graded down—
Each valley filled with surplus from its crown.
The ups and downs conformed to easy grade;
'Twas thus with care the Boulevard was made.
Through Woodside, on to Newark, all the way,
We found the drive a pleasant one that day.

VII.

Some years have passed. Improvements have been made,
And those old roads now have a better grade.
The mire and muck of former years give place
To good macadam, on a firmer base.
Now Franklin Avenue and that cross-road
Are well prepared for light or heavy load.
Though wet or dry, those roads will now be found
In good condition all the year around.

VIII.

One change upon the Boulevard we see
Whene'er we catch a glimpse of that old tree.
One change, alas! that fills our hearts with pain;
And yet, we know our grief is all in vain.
One day the workmen came and dug the holes
In which to set the telegraphic poles:
Their plan—"to keep in line"— 'tis plainly seen,
"Without regard to what might intervene."

THE OLD ELM TREE.—ON THE BOULEVARD.

IX.

The poles were firmly set, as use requires,
And then the linemen came to run their wires.
From pole to pole they carried them along,
And high on cross-bars made them fast and strong.
And when the lofty limbs of that grand tree
Beyond the line for wires was seen to be,
With ruthless hand they plied the axe—then fell
Those broadly branching limbs we loved so well!

X.

Alas! that tree, so beautiful in form,
Is marred, but not by lightning or by storm.
'Twas left for *man*—for vandal man—to spoil!
From such an act, abhorrent we recoil.
O why so thoughtless, man! O why deface
That grand old tree of symmetry and grace!
That growth of half a century or more!
That lovely form thou never canst restore.

XI.

A little care—a little common sense;
A little extra work at slight expense:
That tree to-day would just as proudly stand
As when we saw it first, so broad and grand.
Could we those noble branches now restore,
That they might wave as proudly as before:
Could we make friends for trees of thoughtless foes—
We'd then forgive them for those cruel blows.

XII.

But, no ! those noble branches ne'er will rise
To mark their graceful outlines on the skies.
While Nature lends its aid, and others grow,
Those cruel blows that stately tree will show !
Some wrongs can never mend ! Let man beware
How he destroys what he can ne'er repair !
Spare—spare the grand old trees that God has given,
And let them wave our gratitude to heaven.

EAGLE ROCK.—ORANGE MOUNTAIN, N. J.

THE ORANGE MOUNTAIN DRIVE.

I.

Sometimes we drove toward Orange Mountain grand,
That from its summit we might view the land,
And meditate on all that passed before
The white man found this distant, unknown shore!
On all, that since that time, has marked the way
From savage rule to this enlightened day.
And there, on "Eagle Rock," with glass we'd view
Those scenes so old, and yet to us so new.

II.

The Bergen Hills—and southward, New York Bay,
And glimpse of mighty ocean, far away;
And Brooklyn Bridge! Bartholdi's statue fair,
With torch of light high-lifted in the air!
And great New York, with church-spires rising high—
How grand the sight when seen 'neath cloudless sky!
Though, at a distance, on our sight it grows:
Each lofty dome the march of greatness shows.

III.

The Oranges, Montclair, and Bloomfield rest
Like sparkling gems beneath that lofty crest;
And far to northward there, in calm repose,
Is seen, in outline dim, old "Tony's Nose."
Some years ago a quaint old village stood
Quite near its base, along the river road.
"Acquackanonk"—'twas called "Quack-Neck" for short
(So did some country folk the name distort).

IV.

All this is changed. Passaic now is there,
A city larger grown, more bright and fair.
Its schools and churches tell of strength and grace:
In all this favored land each has its place.
And other villages and cities grand,
Some far away, and some quite near at hand,
Come clearly into view from that high crest,
Where years before the eagles built their nest.

V.

As rest our eyes on that expanse of green—
Its wooded hills and charming vales between—
Its happy homes and cultivated farms
Are not the least of all its varied charms.
They dot the smiling landscape far and near,
And tell a pleasing tale of thrift and cheer.
They tell of joys some seek in vain to find—
The joys that spring from a contented mind.

VI.

Its happy homes! An air of quiet, tells
The list'ning ear where sweet contentment dwells.
'Tis not where pride and vain ambition rise:
In such a dwelling-place contentment dies!
This lovely angel of celestial birth
Is found among the lowly ones of earth.
'Tis found where heart is joined to heart in love:
A type of life in brighter realms above.

VII.

A happy home! What restful thoughts arise!
No brighter spot is found 'neath arching skies.
'Tis joyous morn or golden sunset there,
And in their pleasures all the members share.
A happy home! A father's love provides;
And, with the mother's aid, he wisely guides.
The mother's loving care is over all;
So watchful, too, she hears the faintest call.

VIII.

The children, led as by a single mind,
Are loving, thoughtful, dutiful, and kind.
The Bible in that home prepared the way,
And oft, with loving hearts, they kneel and pray.
They join their voices all in grateful songs
Of praise to Him to whom all praise belongs.
'Tis love that makes the happy home we prize:
Tis heav'n-born love—a love that never dies!

IX.

True, trials come to mar this picture bright:
'Tis not all joyous day—'tis often night!
To all alike bereavements sometimes come,
And clouds of sorrow fill a happy home.
As light and shade are both alike required
To make the picture that is most admired,
So joys and sorrows intermingle here,
And make that future life more bright appear.

X.

True faith looks up to an unending day;
It rises o'er the trials of the way;
It lifts the threat'ning clouds that darkly lower;
It gives new hope, and thus reveals its power.
It nerves the soul for trials that remain;
Each seeming loss it helps to count as gain;
It shines the brighter where the clouds have been;
It rests triumphant on an arm unseen.

XI.

A happy home! Tho' clouds obscure the light,
And Hope, o'ercome by Grief, takes rapid flight,
When Faith asserts its power o'er the mind,
Then Hope returns, a happy home to find.
Our common griefs, as well as common joys,
Are messengers for good that Faith employs.
The sun shines forth, and gloomy clouds depart:
Hope spans the sky, and Love illumes the heart.

XII.

Some seek for happiness in cities grand,
And think 'tis found in what the rich command:
That wealth provides a bountiful supply,
That, with their money, they can always buy.
How vain such thoughts! How little do they know
Of that great source from which such blessings flow!
To that great source they are indeed most blind
Who think in wealth true happiness to find.

XIII.

And yet 'tis not in riches to prevent
A happy home, with comfort and content;
For, when the rich are rich in faith as well,
And Faith and Hope and Love together dwell,
Then riches make their happiness the more,
For with their surplus they can aid the poor.
They learn, when wants of others they relieve,
"More blessed 'tis to give, than to receive."

XIV.

But when the rich grow richer year by year,
And feast their greedy eyes on profits clear,
And in their dealings are so close and small
They're not content unless they grasp it all;
'Tis then we see and fear wealth's darker side.
True happiness with such can ne'er abide.
As wealth rolls in, more miserly they grow,
Of sweetest joys of life they little know.

XV.

How oft 'tis seen in checkered life of man—
(And why the change? Explain it if you can!)
He who would share his crust with needy friend,
When richer grown will neither give nor lend.
As chilling frosts of winter intervene
And nip the blossoms with their leaves of green,
So chilling frosts of wealth, desires impart,
Which nip the blossoms of a noble heart.

XVI.

Look not upon the rich with envious eyes:
Temptations come, the gen'rous impulse dies!
When wealth has come, oft happiness has flown:
The rich have cares and trials all their own.
True happiness is not in wealth of gold;
'Tis not in merchandise that's bought and sold.
This valued prize is with contentment found,
Where love to God and love to man abound.

XVII.

From this grand Eagle Rock, long years ago,
Could we have looked o'er all the vale below,
Instead of well-kept farms, which now abound,
We would have seen a forest sweeping 'round,
Well stocked with game—wild birds and beasts of prey—
In which the Lenapes roamed, night and day;
We would have seen their camp-fires here and there—
Have seen the smoke arise and melt in air.

XVIII.

We would have seen them with their trusty bows,
And quivers filled with arrows for their foes;
With club and tomahawk and scalping knife—
The fiendish weapons of their savage strife.
Have seen them dancing 'round their fires at night,
Prepared for conflict ere the morning light,
Should wily foe swoop down upon their camp,
Or chance to meet them on a midnight tramp.

XIX.

In spite of foes, for years they kept their place,
A mighty host! that brave Algonquin race!
At last a mightier than they assailed:
The "Six in One" o'er all their braves prevailed
With sullen look and sad they turned away:
Exultant Iroquois had won the day!
Their much-loved hunting grounds they left behind
They wandered far, new hunting grounds to find.

XX.

'Tis many a year since that eventful day.
The victor and the vanquished—where are they?
Both gone! their trials and their triumphs past.
Though great their pow'r, that pow'r was not to last.
Of each there now remains a remnant small.
They had their rise, their day of strength, their fall!
Their visions fair—their hopes—had taken flight,
Their sun had set—their day had turned to night!

XXI.

From o'er the sea there came a nobler race,
To which those braves reluctantly gave place.
The white man, full of daring, left his home—
His native land—o'er unknown wilds to roam.
He settled on these lands in later day,
And Indian tribes, so brave, soon passed away.
Instead of savage life, now sweet repose!
Wild hunting grounds now "blossom as the rose."

XXII.

Descending from that Rock, bold, bald, and dark,
We skirt the beautiful "Llewellyn Park,"
A place by nature beautiful and grand,
Made more attractive still by skilful hand.
Its lovely homes and walks, and drives and trees,
And terraced banks; its lawns and flowers—all these
Are added charms: they all attract the eye,
And bring new joy to every passer-by.

XXIII.

The gardner's matchless skill brings beauty rare,
In choice design, on all beneath his care.
His cunning art on shrub and tree is seen—
His pictures grow in forms of living green.
Near by, whichever way we turn, are found
The best macadam roads for miles around.
From roads and views great pleasure we derive,
Whene'er we take the Orange Mountain Drive.

THE DUNDEE DRIVE.

I.

A cloudless sky and balmy air combine
With good smooth roads to make the driving fine.
When tempted thus, and time was ours to spare,
We took a drive, forgetting every care.
The boat, the sail, the placid little lake,
Would cause us oft the Dundee Drive to take ;
For boat and sail, and lake and farther shore,
Would always please, though often seen before.

II.

To take that drive, we'd cross the railroad track,
As well in going as in coming back ;
And that would often cause us some delay,
For many trains go through the town each way.
But safely on the farther side at last,
All fear of accident—all danger—past,
The road presented scenes, attractive in the main,
Of homes and lawns and fields of waving grain.

III.

Just off the public way, and near a brook,
There lies a stone, at which we often look ;
For 'tis a stone not native to the place :
From whence it came, there's not the slightest trace.
On low and level ground, it rests alone :
A boulder true—that solitary stone !
That stone has often been as food for thought,
Reminding us of changes Time has wrought !

IV.

And what thy history, thou boulder old ?
We've often wondered if it could be told.
Didst leave thy native crag, in far-off land,
And shape thy course at heaven's high command ?
Wast thou by force from lofty mountain riven ?
Wast thou detached by thunderbolt of heaven ?
Did heaving earthquake wrench thee from thy place,
And lay thee prostrate at the mountain's base ?

V.

Did moving glacier carry thee away,
And toss thee up and down, as if in play,
And polish all thy corners, by the force
With which it kept its slow, resistless course ?
Didst thou, at last, as if in triumph, ride
For miles and miles upon an icy tide ?
And did that mass of ice at last give way
And drop thee here, upon a bed of clay ?

THE BOULDER.—DUNDEE DRIVE.

VI.

How many years have come and gone since then ?
When didst thou locate here ? O tell us when !
Since thou hast occupied thy lowly bed,
Wild ferns and mosses first their carpet spread
Around thy base, thus showing signs of life,
Where all before was elemental strife.
Then taller grasses nodded in the wind,
And creeping woodbine softly 'round thee twined.

VII.

Then came the trees, at first so very small,
Which grew, and spread their branches over all.
Both far and near they grew, on either hand,
Until a noble forest filled the land.
Did that great forest, 'neath a stroke most dire
Consume to ashes in a forest fire ?
Did other ages come and pass away ?
Did other trees grow up, and then decay ?

VIII.

Did ages later come and change the scene,
And once more clothe the earth in living green,
Until a forest, noble as before,
Extended o'er the earth, from shore to shore ?
And canst thou tell when first the Indian came
And roamed the forest wild, in search of game ?
When first the Indian maiden on thee stood,
A child of nature, in a joyous mood,

IX.

And watched the chase with innocent delight—
Her eager spirit kindling at the sight?
Was not the camp-fire lighted near thy base
When dusky warriors sought to save their race?
When, for their hunting grounds, they took their stand,
And sought to drive the white man from their land?
Bold warriors they, and fierce and cruel, all;
But Heaven decreed, and thou didst see their fall!

X.

Were they once noble, powerful, and great?
Were they, for sins, brought down to low estate?
Did they with true prophetic vision see
In their Great Spirit's frown, their destiny?
We cannot tell! and thou, with all thy years,
Art dumb! no record on thy face appears!
We look in vain, for answers such as these—
As well seek answers from a passing breeze!

XI.

How strange a history, from first to last,
Of all the changes in the buried past!
No tongue, no pen, no stone can e'er reveal
What Nature's laws most sacredly conceal!
Perchance the plastic clay—the solid rock,
By mighty thunderbolt, or earthquake shock,
May, some day, turn to view historic pages,
That will reveal the mysteries of ages!

XII.

Rest thou, O boulder of the far-off past!
Thy present place, perchance, shall be thy last,
Till earth's eventful record stands complete,
And all things earthly melt with fervent heat!
Then, distant crags, and fragments far and near,
Shall crumble into dust and disappear!
When Earth resolves to atoms, as of yore,
The record ends—and time shall be no more.

XIII.

But, driving on, we quickly reach the lake,
Where boating parties much enjoyment take.
They grasp their oars and row, or, if they please,
They hoist their sails and catch the passing breeze.
Or, if inclined to catch a string of fish,
They throw their hooks and gratify their wish.
Or, if more leisurely inclined, they glide,
With slightest stroke of oars, from side to side.

XIV.

Two Cities, filled with grades, from grave to gay,
Are well connected by a broad highway
Which runs hard by a *third,* that lies between—
Where many enter and no more are seen.
To this *third city* there's a constant flow.
They pass within, but out they never go.
Though grave, or gay, no more life's path they tread:
They've passed within a city of the dead!

XV.

In youthful days, whene'er we passed the place
Where slept the dead, in mother earth's embrace,
Though sunshine bathed the fields in gladsome light,
We felt a sense of dread akin to fright.
If night had spread its mantle o'er the sky,
We hastened all the more in passing by.
A childish fear was present, night or day—
A senseless dread—whene'er we passed that way.

XVI.

But now we're older grown; those childish fears
Have disappeared. They passed, with passing years.
No more are goblins heard, or seen in trees,
When lofty limbs are stirred by passing breeze.
The sighing wind warm sympathy imparts;
'Tis tuned in sweet accord with mourning hearts.
A graveyard is no fortress filled with foes!
'Tis hallowed ground, where loved ones find repose.

XVII.

The silent city in the distance seen,
Adorned with trees and shrubs, and plats of green,
With slabs and monuments on either hand—
Some very plain, and others very grand—
Invites within its gates. We look around,
And see on every side 'tis hallowed ground!
So beautiful, one has no thought of dread.
A lovely spot—that city of the dead!

A VIEW IN CEDAR LAWN.

XVIII.

There rest the aged ones from all their care.
The high, the low—a common lot they share.
Like standing grain, well ripened in the sun,
Time's sickle cut them down; their race was run.
From legislative halls, from marts of trade:
They're there from walks of life in every grade.
Their trials and their triumphs now are past;
Within that city's gates they rest at last.

XIX.

And those in middle life,—they, too, are there:
Their days cut short, while all was bright and fair.
Like massive trees, with trunks and branches sound,
By lightning stroke laid prostrate on the ground!
They work no more, though strength and skill combined
To give them pow'r to benefit mankind.
Before they felt their work was well begun,
The final summons came—their work was done!

XX.

And there, in countless multitude, we see
Young men and maidens, just from school set free.
Just ready, they, life's wily foes to meet:
Their preparation-armor, quite complete.
So full of life, and hope, and promise, they—
We wonder at the shortness of their stay.
But to the young the summons came as well—
And multitudes within that city dwell!

XXI.

From childhood's ranks, the happy girls and boys
Have laid aside their books, their games and toys.
The joyous day allures them no more,
Nor sportive field—nor lake—nor pebbly shore.
They, too, have heard the call to come up higher;
That call has quenched each fond earth-born desire.
And there, for each, is found a narrow bed,
In that new home—that city of the dead!

XXII.

And infants, too, have passed from mother's arms—
Passed out of life, with all their baby charms.
Before they knew a doting mother's love,
They passed away, to brighter realms above.
The summons came,—more feeble grew their breath,
And soon those loving eyes were closed in death.
Their childish prattle will be heard no more.
Their little feet now tread the golden shore!

XXIII.

The old, the middle-aged, the young, are found—
A mighty host—within that hallowed ground!
Earth's joys and sorrows, all their hopes and fears—
All—all have vanished with the flight of years.
Beneath that turf is found but senseless clay.
Their spirits glad now bask in endless day.
No earthly house could hold them in its thrall:
With faith sublime, they triumph over all.

XXIV.

The hope of immortality imparts
A consolation dear to Christian hearts.
However much the absent they deplore,
Their loved ones are not lost, but gone before.
In that bright realm beyond, no foe destroys,—
No night is there,—no death,—no end of joys!
Once reunited on that farther shore,
The union lasts—we separate no more.

XXV.

A hush comes o'er us while we look above,
And think of all that joy, that peace and love.
That blissful home, when mortal life is o'er,—
Our happy home shall be, for evermore!
We rest our hopes on HIM who died to save:
In HIM we trust, and triumph o'er the grave!
The sun is sinking,—'tis the close of day.
In thoughtful mood we homeward take our way.

Religious

RELIGIOUS

GOD'S BEST GIFT.

A Christmas Carol.

Who are these, that come from far,
Lured by a guiding star—
Looking for the new-born King?
Gold and spices choice they bring!
These, the wise men of their day:
To the Christ, they find their way.

CHORUS.—Shout for joy, let gladness reign,
Hope in Him is not in vain.
God's best gift to man we see
In the Christ of Galilee.

When boist'rous is the gale—
  When sink the hearts of men—
When mighty winds and waves assail,
  O Lord! be near us then.
Be near and let Thy voice be heard,
For winds and waves obey Thy word!

Great God! we will not fear
. Whatever may betide;
For we are safe when Thou art near—
  When we in Thee abide.
Be near us, Lord! and guard the way.
O guide our footsteps, day by day.

CHRIST OUR RANSOM.

From Jerusalem, a throng,
Eager, anxious, moves along;
And the Christ, condemned to die,
Soldiers guard with watchful eye.
As they hasten Him away,
Friends of Christ are in dismay!

Now on Calvary they stand—
Mocking crowd and soldier band!
He, the just, submits to wrong—
Seemeth weak, though He is strong.
Though all power He commands,
He is passive in their hands!

He who made the lame to walk,
Blind to see, and dumb to talk;
He, the mighty Prince of Peace,
Who from death gave full release;
He whom winds and waves obeyed,
To His death has been betrayed!

Why is this? Why suffers He
All their fiendish cruelty?
Why doth He like felon die?
Hark, the Spirit tells us why:
"Jesus dies to save the lost!"
Ransomed sinner, this the cost!

Who the lost that He would win?
All are lost, because of sin.
All condemned by righteous law.
All our guilt the Saviour saw.
All our sins on Him are laid:
On the cross our debt is paid!

Look on Calvary and weep!
There the Shepherd, for His sheep,
Yields Himself a sacrifice!
There He suffers! There He dies!
Christ our Ransom! Christ the Lord!
Ever be His name adored!

On the cross the Saviour hangs!
Suffers death's most cruel pangs!
Sheds His blood that we may live—
Life eternal thus to give.
Lamb of God! Thy love we see
When we look on Calvary!

Oh, my soul, is this my need?
For my sins doth Jesus bleed?
Yes, for me He bows His head—
Takes His place among the dead!
Christ, the one great sacrifice—
'Tis for me He bleeds and dies!

Christ in triumph quits the grave!
Otherwise He could not save!
'Tis the risen Christ I see,
And the vision sets me free!
Jesus doth my sins forgive;
As I look to Him, I live!

Thou, our ransom! Thou, our friend!
In us let Thy graces blend.
Help us more and more to see
What a Christian's life should be.
Out of darkness into day,
Lamb of God, lead Thou the way.

REV. J. T. COIT.

Many who read these lines will remember Rev. J. T. Coit as the pastor of the Presbyterian church, in Albion, N. Y., during the years 1857-8-9.

As a man, and as a minister, he was greatly beloved by all who knew him. In one of his prayer-meeting talks he related an experience which he had while travelling in Switzerland that was most impressive. The subject under consideration was 'Secret Prayer;' and the incident, as related by him, touched all hearts. The writer can never forget it, and he will be most happy if 'The Alpine Traveller' and 'Alone with God' call to mind pleasant memories, or give new life to the incident by making it a blessing to others.

THE ALPINE TRAVELLER.

An Alpine trav'ler found his way
  To lofty crag on mountain height,
Where naught obstructed light of day,
And far beneath, the valleys lay—
  A grand, entrancing sight!

On all the varied scenes below
  He gazed with wonder and with awe!
No sounds from thence did upward flow.
The fleecy mists to clouds did grow,
  Till not a thing he saw!

Enveloping the mountain-side
With rapid pace, and ceaseless flow,
Clouds did unfold—till far and wide
And high they rolled—like ocean tide—
Engulfing all below!

There, on that lofty crag, was he—
Beneath his feet, one little clod!
All else shut out—no eye could see
Save one—and there, on bended knee,
He was alone with God!

That crag became a sacred place!
One soul—one trusting soul was there.
The world had gone and left no trace!
Alone—before the Father's face,
He bowed himself in prayer.

The Father's gracious answer came
To bless that consecrated soul.
The Holy Spirit's tongue of flame
Was his, to preach in Jesus' name,
The pow'r that maketh whole.

Though rough the road or dark the night,
Though clouds shut out the light of day—
Far down the years a halo bright

From Alpine crag gave forth its light
To guide him on his way.

That Alpine trav'ler's race is run.
Long since, he passed to his reward.
Life's battle fought, the vict'ry won—
He heard the glad acclaim—"Well done,
Thou servant of the Lord."

ALONE WITH GOD.

Alone with God! Oh, trusting heart,
Seek thou the place for secret prayer:
The inner room—the busy mart—
The mountain-top; where'er thou art,
Thy God will meet thee there.

Alone with God! Dispel all fear.
Let love have full dominion there.
A contrite heart to God is dear.
If true thou art, He's ever near,
Responsive to thy prayer.

Alone with God! Let worldly strife
Be banished from that sacred place.
With peace and joy and gladness rife,
Rejoice thou in eternal life—
Thine own, through loving grace.

Alone with God! Thou art secure,
  Since Christ the Saviour is thy friend.
With Him—thou canst all things endure.
His grace shall make thy triumph sure,
  He'll keep thee to the end.

Alone with God! There thou shalt find
  The blessings only He can give:
A will subdued—a lowly mind—
A loving heart by grace refined,
  And strength for Him to live.

Alone with God! Communion sweet
  With Him shall cheer thee all the way.
Though weak, thou art in Him complete.
His pow'r alone can make thee meet
  For heaven's unending day.

Alone with God! Oh, Father mine,
  Let me Thy love and mercy share.
Guide Thou my steps and keep me Thine.
Let love in ev'ry action shine,
  Oh, Father, hear my prayer

When comes, for me, life's closing day—
  When worldly joys and cares are past;
Oh, when I leave this house of clay,
Receive me to Thyself, I pray,
  My home in heaven at last.

EASTER HYMN.

Glad our hearts this Easter day,
All our fears have passed away.
Christ has risen from the tomb,
Scattered doubt and banished gloom!
Christ, the Lord! Thou mighty King!
Loving hearts to Thee we bring.

Death had thought to strike Thee down,
Take Thy sceptre and Thy crown!
Death could not Thy pow'r destroy,
And our hearts o'erflow with joy!
Christ, the Lord! Thou mighty King!
Joyous songs of praise we bring.

Darkness yields to brightest day,
In the tomb Thou didst not stay!
Light and glory round Thee shine,
Son of God! Thou art divine!
Christ, the Lord! Thou mighty King!
Trusting hearts to Thee we bring.

Resurrection from the dead!
Christ hath risen! Christ, our head!
So shall we in glory rise,
To a life that never dies!
Christ the Lord whom we adore,
Christ is King, for evermore!

Let the joyous song be sung,
Ev'rywhere, in every tongue!
"Christ hath risen from the grave,
Christ the Lord hath pow'r to save!"
For His love with joy we sing—
Shout the praises of our King!

COURAGE.

Christian warrior, as you battle
With your foes on every hand,
Do not heed the roar and rattle
Of the weapons they command;
Nor the boding silence dread—
When they move with stealthy tread.

Scoffers meet you with derision;
Try your faith with ribald jest!
But, with firmness and decision,
Prove that you can stand the test.
Scoffs cannot avail for you.
Jests and jeers ne'er prove them true.

He who scoffs at God and heaven,
Nothing has to take their place.
For our faith there's nothing given;
Hope departs, nor leaves a trace.
He who doubts God's guiding hand,
Steps from rock to yielding sand!

Courage have in all your labor
For yourself and others' weal.
Lend a hand! Assist your neighbor.
Let him know that you can feel
For the wrongs and woes he bears—
For his trials and his cares.

Having trials, be courageous;
You shall quickly clear the way.
Manly courage is contagious,
Nerving others for the fray.
Therefore, bravely take your stand;
Give to all a helping hand.

Courage, brother! Truth is master!
It shall triumph in the end.
Cruel falsehood travels faster,
But 'tis downward in its trend.
Christian, boldly face the foe;
Stand for truth, where'er you go.

Courage! Though the wicked flourish—
Though they seem to have their way,
They shall droop, and they shall perish—
Droop and perish in a day!
Thus shall end their power and might,
Giving place to *truth* and *right*.

Courage, then, though darkness o'er you
  Turns the noonday into night.
Courage, though the way before you
  Has no cheering ray of light.
    Look aloft! The night departs!
    Morning dawns for trusting hearts!

LIGHT AND LOVE.*

Hail, wondrous Light! so clear and bright!
Earth's choicest rays in thee unite!
They flash upon our ravished eyes,
They flood the sky and darkness flies!

Shine on, O Light, illume the way,
And make the darkness as the day.
Shine on, and well thy task perform,
Tho' dark the night, or wild the storm.

As thy bright beams reach out afar,
O friendly Light! O guiding star!
May God's own Light reveal the way
From darkest night to brightest day.

Our path has oft been hedged about
By fears within and foes without;
But, taught by thee, we all may prove
How good, how great, the pow'r of Love!

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*Thoughts suggested by an electric light.

A symbol thou of love divine!
There's light wherever Love doth shine.
With Light we reach the far-off goal:
The light of Love illumes the soul!

O Love divine! thy helpful rays
Shall fill our hearts with grateful praise;
Dispel the mists that now enshroud,
And paint a rainbow on the cloud!

May Love prevail and discord cease;
May hearts unite in ways of peace;
And so, the arch of heaven span,
With love to God, and love to man.

LESSONS FROM LIFE.

The Ocean of Life stretches on before.
The Journey of Life is from shore to shore.
Though poorly equipped, so eager to sail,
We launch our frail bark, defying the gale.
Perchance we may think we can safely ride
O'er tempest-toss'd waves to the farther side,
By strength of our own, by power of will,
By courage to dare, by consummate skill.
But these, though combined, can never avail:
While trusting in these we utterly fail.
One Power alone we should take as guide:
'Tis Jesus the Christ, who was crucified.
Rebuking the wind and the raging sea,
He conquers! as once on dark Galilee.

The sorrows we dread, the joys that we share,
Come trooping along like clouds in the air.
They come and they go: too seldom we heed
The lessons they teach—the lessons we need.
Whenever we see a wreck of a life,

Where honor and truth went down in the strife,
By shunning such snares as caused the sad fall,
Though skilfully laid, we conquer them all.
Whenever we see a home of content,
Where harmony reigns by common consent,
It gladdens our hearts and fosters desires
For virtues that bless—for love that inspires.
That blessings may come, give ear while we tell
These lessons from life, and ponder them well.

And first a dark scene comes full on our sight—
A scene which reveals the blackness of night!

Sad is the sight of a drunkard's life,
And bitter the grief of a drunkard's wife.
Oh, cruel the scoffs for a drunkard's child.
How fallen the man that Rum has defiled!
His desolate home—oh, heart-rending sight!
His larder is empty! dull fire! dim light!
The cold winds sweep through at window and door!
The mother and child—they sleep on the floor!
A pallet of straw and remnants of clothes,
Their scanty protection from winds and snows!
For Rum took his earnings and turned his head;
His family starve for the want of bread.

But look! the next scene, surpassingly bright,
Now comes into view, emblazoned in light!
These blessings from God, as a golden crown!

How joyous the sight of a good man's life!
How cheerful the smile of a good man's wife!
How happy in love is the good man's child!
How blessed the lot of the undefiled!
His home of content—how cheerful the sight!
His larder is full and his fire is bright.
Cold winds are without, but within 'tis warm,
And mother and child are safe from the storm!
It may be his lot is a lowly one;
He toils with his hands till the day is done.
But bravely he toils, for his labor brings
The blessings which oft are denied to kings.

These pictures from life now brought into view
Most clearly portray the false and the true.
The one, set in black, 'tis sad to behold!
The other deserves a setting of gold!

A life like the first will bring us to shame;
'Twill blast our bright hopes and blacken our name.
Though many our friends, and our prospects fair,
'Twill rob us of all and end in despair.
But living the life of the good and true
Will bring to us joys that are ever new—
The joys of content and the joys of peace,
The joys of Heaven, that ever increase;
The blessings to prize far more than renown!

With Pilot divine, triumphant we ride
O'er Ocean's dark floods to the farther side.
Our trials all past, all our conflicts o'er,
Our feet stand at last on the golden shore!

THANKSGIVING.

Rejoice, rejoice! give thanks to God!
In mercy He withdraws His rod.
The *curse* that rested on our state
Shall be removed, for God is great.

Rejoice, rejoice! give thanks and sing!
Let vaulted skies with praises ring.
Unholy laws shall be repealed.
'Tis by the pow'r of God, revealed.

The work of wicked men shall fail,
And righteous laws shall yet prevail.
Good men and true have made their choice—
'Tis for the *right!* Rejoice, rejoice!

Our judges must be men of worth—
The people's verdict has gone forth!
The man who has that goal in view
Must stand among the good and true.

Rejoice, rejoice! give thanks we may,
For clouds of darkness flee away!
Our God has spoken, hear His voice!
The *right* prevails! Rejoice, rejoice!

Rejoice, give thanks! Give thanks for all
The many mercies we recall—
Give *earnest, heartfelt* thanks we should,
For God is wise, and great, and good.

Recall the mercies of the past—
How great their number, and how vast!
They come to us from heav'n above.
Rejoice, rejoice! our God is love.

Passaic, N. J.. Nov. 12, 1893.

THE DAWN.

When depressing clouds of darkness
  Fly before the coming light,
Golden rays of joyous sunshine
  Dissipate the mists of night.
Vigor cometh with the dawning,
  Driving weariness away.
Dreary, dismal, dark forebodings
  Disappear at dawn of day.

When the days of childhood vanish,
  And the life-work comes to view,
Like the dawning of the morning,
  'Tis a vision ever new.
Life more real seems, and earnest,
  More a gem of priceless worth.
From the dawning, ever onward,
  Golden rays illume the earth.

When fierce war clouds darkly lower—
  When their mighty thunders roll;
When the bravest fall in battle—
  When deep anguish fills the soul!
Then, with Truth and Right triumphant,
  Clouds disperse, and thunders cease;
Stricken hearts, subdued and softened,
  Hail, with joy, the dawn of peace!

Man, by sin, estranged from heaven,
  Gropes in shadows of the night;
When he feels himself a sinner,
  He is moving toward the light.
When, repentant, to the Saviour
  He, at last, hath found his way,
Then comes *pardon*, richest blessing—
  Dawn of heaven's unending day!

Weary, sin-sick soul! take courage,
  Jesus will thy sins forgive.
Look to Him! receive the blessing—
  Look to Jesus! look, and live!
Oh, the dawn! what joy it bringeth—
  Perfect joy, in earth and heaven!
Naught hath more of peace and comfort
  Than a soul with sins forgiven.

30394B

KEEP STEADY.

Keep steady, young man, keep steady—
  Nor waver when put to the test.
When Satan assails, be ready:
  Defeat him by doing your best.
    With plausible words he advances,
    With cunning he strengthens his chances;
      He does all his planning with care;
      He's wily and wicked. Beware!

Resist all his sly approaches—
  Yield never an inch to the foe.
Whenever that foe encroaches,
  Resort to a resolute No!
    With flattery, cunning, he plies you;
    With sympathy, artful, he tries you;
      His wiles he keeps well out of sight;
      He comes as an "angel of light!"

Let truth be your watchword ever ;
  Let right be the law of your life.
With these for your guides you never
  Will suffer defeat in the strife.
    Give battle to vices that tempt you—
    Your virtues can never exempt you.
      Temptations will come, but be strong ;
      Give battle to all that is wrong.

Don't falter, young man, don't falter,
  But trust in the arm of the Lord.
No infidel scoffs can alter
  The glorious truths of His Word.
    The God of your fathers defends you ;
    The Spirit most holy befriends you ;
      The Saviour from heaven came down
      To give you a robe and a crown !

Then steady, young man, keep steady,
  Whatever vain worldlings may say.
For labors of love be ready—
  The calls of the Master obey.
    Unworthiness freely confessing,
    Stand fast on God's promise of blessing.
      The world, with its favor or frown,
      Is naught to the robe and the crown.

THOUGHTS FOR EASTER-TIDE.

DARKNESS.

Darkness reigned o'er all the earth,
For Jesus died!
He, whose praise was sung at birth,
Was crucified!

He, whose touch had given sight
To sightless eyes!
Healed the sick, and in His might
Had bid them rise!

He, whose word the tempest stilled,
The hungry fed!
He, whose voice sad hearts had thrilled—
Who raised the dead!

He, whose pow'r demons feared,
As from above!
He, to trusting hearts, endeared
By words of love!

He, the Christ! the Son of God!
The Mighty One!
Passed beneath the smiting rod,
As though undone!

Cruel crown of thorns He wore—
Oh, sad the thought!
Cruel taunts and insults bore,
Resisting naught!

Bleeding—died—as felons die!
And friends were left!
"All is lost!" the hopeless cry
Of hearts bereft!

From the cross to Joseph's tomb
They took their dead!
Light had gone, and all was gloom—
Their hope had fled!

Darkness reigned o'er all the earth,
For Jesus died!
He, to man, of greatest worth,
Was crucified!

LIGHT.

Bright the joyous Easter Day
When Jesus rose!
Angels rolled the stone away
And Jesus rose!

Pow'rs of darkness fled away—
Like guilty foes!
Fled, as dawned the joyous day
When Jesus rose!

Rose and proved his pow'r to save
From direst woes!
Rose triumphant o'er the grave
And all His foes!

Then disciples hailed their Lord
Whom dead they mourned!
Hailed the Christ with one accord
For hope returned!

Gladly now we bow before Him,
Sing His praises and adore Him;
Gladly trust our all to Jesus,
Who from sin and Satan frees us!

Gladly trust in Him to save us,
Gladly trust in Him who gave us,
By His death, our hopes of heaven—
Hopes of life, with sins forgiven!

Joyous Easter! day of days!
Gladly now we join in praise;
Jesus lives and reigns above—
Lives and reigns, the God of Love.

AN INCIDENT.

When came the final hour, the last of earth,
In squalid home there lay a longing soul,
In wretchedness most dire, which had its birth
In appetite for drink beyond control.
At such a time the thought was not for bread!
The man of God was called to pray, instead.

Time was, when bread was asked, and given to feed
The hungry children of that wretched pair!
When noble hearts supplied their pressing need
And gave from out their store a gen'rous share.
Not willing they, the poor should starve and die
For lack of bread their bounty could supply.

* * * * * *

The preacher sat within his cheerful room,
While storm of wind and rain without was heard!
But through the driving storm that man had come,
Not now for bread, but for the living Word!
They felt their need when came the final hour:
To give that Word, this man of God had power!

They reached the home. (We call it by that name.)
So desolate, so sad, so cheerless there!
And then, beside her couch, they softly came—
Together knelt—and joined in earnest prayer.
Their little child, to aid the preacher tried!
Came near—and laid a Bible at his side!

Poor—lone—sad heart! Her work was nearly done!
She thought of little ones called home before!
May she find rest when life's short race is run!
God's mercy comes alike to rich and poor!
'Tis not that we are good or rich or wise!
Life comes through Christ, the royal sacrifice!

Among both rich and poor, in many homes,
Is found but little fear of chast'ning rod!
But when the hour of death, so dreaded, comes—
The soul then feels its need of peace with God!
Oh, take the Bread of Life! Make no delay!
Tread thou, with joyful feet, the upward way!

A PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING.

O Thou, the all-bountiful giver,
We bring Thee our tribute of praise.
Thy mercies flow on like a river,
And fill to o'erflowing our days.

For love, that makes home life a blessing,
And home—brightest spot since the fall—
We thank Thee; thus feebly expressing
Our love for the giver of all.

For bountiful harvests we bless Thee—
The sunshine and rain Thou hast given
For health and content we confess Thee
Our merciful Father in heaven.

Our nation's prosperity—boundless!
Extending to great and to small;
Our childish alarms have been groundless:
Thy watch-care has been over all.

For peace with the nations around us,
  For signs that "good-will" shall increase;
For hopes that no war shall confound us,
  We thank Thee—thou giver of peace.

Thou God of our fathers! When trouble
  Beset them on every hand;
For losses, Thou gavest them double—
  From Thee they received this fair land.

This land of the free we inherit,
  O Father, because of Thy love.
It comes to us, not for our merit—
  It comes, Thy free gift from above.

Thanksgiving and praise we now render,
  For mercies a bountiful store
Creator—Redeemer—Defender,
  Most humbly we bow and adore.

CHRIST CLEANSING THE TEMPLE.

In the temple of our God,
  Place of purity and love,
Reverence and godly fear
  True sincerity must prove.
In the house of God, we bow
  To the Lord of all the earth.
Banish thoughts of worldly gain,
  Let the Saviour drive them forth!

With a scourge of cords He comes,
  If perchance He finds them there.
Worldly thoughts must not come in
  To usurp the place of prayer!
Out with selfish greed for gold!
  Out with merchandise and gain!
Come not near the Father's throne
  With thy worldly goods in train!

Come within the house of God.
Leave all selfish thoughts behind.
With a broken, contrite heart
Best of blessings thou shalt find.
All unworthy tho' thou art,
Put thy trust in Him who died.
Life—eternal life is thine;
Life is in the *Crucified.*

Come, dear Saviour! to each heart
Bring a sense of pardoned sin.
Drive unworthy tenants out!
Come, O come, and dwell within.
Evermore with us abide,
While we journey here below.
Thou the Christ! the Crucified!
Help us, all Thy will to know.

Come into Thy temple, Lord!
From defilement keep us free.
May we all, with one accord,
Seek eternal life in Thee.
We in Thee and Thou in us,
Nevermore our feet will roam;
Light or dark the narrow way,
Thou wilt safely guide us home!

TRANSFORMED.

The little church upon the hill
Was such a low, unsightly pile;
So like an ice-house or a mill;
So like a place where soldiers drill:
So very plain, so quaint in style,
The sight of it would bring a smile.
When wintry winds went howling by,
No furnace heat could satisfy.

To such a place the people went
To worship God, in prayer and praise.
On holy themes their thoughts were bent,
To be transformed was their intent.
With bended knee and upward gaze,
They sought for grace to mend their ways.
Through heat and cold they gathered there,
In Christian faith and work to share.

THE OLD TABERNACLE.—PASSAIC, N. J.

Jehovah dwells in temple grand !
He also bwells in lowly place !
Tho' high or low, where'er they stand,
To contrite hearts He gives His hand.
He leads them, as their way they trace,
He shields them with His loving grace.
His watchful care is over all,
He hears His children when they call.

A noble transformation scene
Comes full in view, true hearts to thrill.
How changed the place, once dull and mean !
In cheerful mood, they now convene.
The people, working with a will,
Transformed that church upon the hill.
Of that low pile there's not a trace !
A sightly church now takes its place.

A graceful spire meets the sky,
And gables rise on either hand.
Its inner walls now please the eye ;
Its windows, too, are broad and high.
Its walls on firm foundation stand ;
'Tis built on rock, not shifting sand.
Transformed that little church has been ;
So God transforms the hearts of men.

'Twas God who gave them their success.
He builded, and the work was done!
If now He doth their efforts bless,
Doth build them up in righteousness;
Doth thus transform and make them one
With God the Father, Spirit, Son—
That little church, like guiding star,
Shall send its helpful beams afar.

TRANSFORMED.—CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PASSAIC, N. J.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

(Psalm XC.)

Most fitting theme for such an hour as this.
'Tis meet that we should come together here
And meditate on what the Lord hath done
To help us onward in the ways of truth:
Recount the blessings of the closing year,
And render unto Him, in grateful song,
The love and adoration of our hearts.
Here, we in unison, may thank our God
For all His benefits on us bestowed.
We thank our God for all our joyous days.
For all the pleasures of the passing year.
For friends who with us seek the Father's face,
Who join us in our journey heavenward.
We thank our God for those who've lately joined
The army of redeemed immortal souls!
We trust that they, with us, at last may stand,
Enrobed in white, before the throne of God!
We thank our God for homes and loved ones there
Who share with us our pleasures and our pains;

Thus do our joys increase, and all our pains
The lighter seem—as each one shares a part.
How rich God's grace ! how bountiful His gifts !
A good degree of health and strength He gives ;
Sunshine and shade, and heat and cold,
And all the varied changes of the year :
Knowing full well the things we need the most—
What He should give, or what He should withhold.
Perchance we've met with trials on the way,
Too hard to bear—without a sigh, a tear,
A groan of agony—an inward pain !
Perchance a loved one has been called to pass,
From close beside us, to the spirit world :
And we are left to tread life's path alone !
Oh ! then we mourn our utter loneliness,
And feel a sense of loss too keen for words.
At such a time, though clouds of sorrow rise
To dim our vision of the mighty God,
We think of Him, who was before all worlds ;
Of Him, who is the same from age to age—
A God of mercy and a God of love !
We think of Him, who sees a sparrow fall ;
Whose watch-care over all shall never fail !
Of Him, who doth not willingly afflict
Or grieve the lowly ones who seek His face.
His wisdom is omnipotent, and we
Can safely say, " He doeth all things well."
The Spirit's power we've felt, from time to time,
Impelling us to speak the helpful word ;

To comfort mourning hearts : to aid the weak,
To help them bear the burdens of the hour
With Christian fortitude and loving trust.
  The Spirit's power we've felt when gospel truth
Has fallen from our pastor's lips—as light
From heaven, subduing passions, with their train
Of evil thoughts, and still more evil deeds!
When gospel truths, like rays of light divine,
Have flashed within our hearts, revealing sin
In all its rank deformity and shame!
Then we have turned with loathing from the sight,
Confessed our sins, and sought God's pard'ning grace.
Then did we feel the Spirit's quick'ning power,
And own the goodness of Almighty God!
The Holy Spirit came, dispelled the gloom,
And all the darkness of our doubts and fears :
Revealed the way whereby we come to God,
E'en by the cross! through Christ's atoning blood!
Our waiting hearts were filled with hope sublime—
Of pardoned sin, and lasting peace with God.
The Spirit comes with message from on high,
And lifts the soul above corroding care!
It points beyond this transitory life,
To life that never ends, at God's right hand!
  In all the generations of the past
We trace the workings of the mighty God!
The ages gone have found no change in Him.

The ages yet to come shall change Him not.
But yesterday, to-day, and evermore,
He is the mighty God whom we adore!
From dust we came; to dust we must return:
And *change* is written over all we do.
A mountain torrent carries us away,
And suddenly we sleep the sleep of death!
Like grass that in the morning groweth up,
So do we grow, and flourish, for a day!
Like grass that in the evening is cut down,
So do we wither, for our race is run!
Our years, perchance, are three score years and ten;
They may be four score years if strength is given:
But soon that strength is gone; we fly away,
For evermore to bask in endless day:—
This world exchanged for lasting joys of heaven!
Taught by the God of heaven, how swiftly fly
The years allotted to us here below;
May we be *wise*, and use the passing days
As wisdom prompts—to benefit mankind.
If God, in mercy, bids us to rejoice,
And makes us glad through all the coming days,
Then will His work appear, His glory too:
And what we do shall never be in vain!
If God delights in us, establishing
Our work; however brief our pilgrimage
On earth, it shall not go for naught: for He
Will pass it on, through ages yet to come!

The closing year reminds us all how brief
Is this, our earthly life: how quickly passed!
Another mile-stone marks our onward course.
And here, between two vast eternities,
We stand for one brief hour: e'en while we think,
'Tis passing swiftly by, and soon 'twill be
The merest point, in past eternity!
The past eternity! how broad—how vast!
In its extent—incomprehensible!
As when, beneath the panoply of stars,
We gaze aloft, into the deep blue sky,
And strive to comprehend a universe!
Eternity to come! that, too, is vast!
It reaches out beyond our puny thought,
And only God, to whom "a thousand years
Are but as yesterday when it is past,"
Can comprehend and trace its farthest bounds!
Taught wisdom by the brevity of life,
And by the vastness of eternity:
As well as by the mighty power of God,
Creating worlds on worlds—a vast array—
And giving each its own appointed course,
So fixed in space that not a jarring note
Is heard to mar the music of the spheres;—
May we the *harder* strive—to do God's will.
May we, especially the young, resolve
To make the year to come a year of *work*,
For all that's noble in the life of man!

Make it a *ladder,* upon which to climb
To higher planes of living, and of thought!
Make it, for duty and for God, the road
That leads us upward to the "great white throne!"
The darkness passed—then comes the dawning day.

THE DAWNING DAY.

I.

When all our earthly days have passed away,
And years are ended as a tale that's told,
May we approach the dawning of the day,
And all the glories of our Lord behold!

II.

The dawning of the day! Glad day of rest!
When all our cares and toils have passed away.
When we before the Father stand confessed
Christ's own!—then comes the dawning of the day!

III.

Behold that dawning day! All hail, glad morn—
The Christ exalted—is our King, and Lord!
As angels joined in praise when He was born,
So *we* will praise His name with one accord.

IV.

Behold that dawning day! Past is the night,
And multitudes unnumbered stand before
The throne of God, arrayed in robes of white!
And we with them do worship and adore!

V.

The dawning day! Let songs of praise arise!
To Him all honor and all glory bring!
Let all rejoice beneath the arching skies,
And shout the praises of our *Saviour, King!*

THE MESSAGE.

THE MESSAGE.

Skilful fingers touch the strings:
  Sweetest melody we hear.
Borne aloft on angels' wings
  Is that music rich and clear.
    To the harp's entrancing strain,
    Heaven sends a soft refrain.

By the harp, the maiden stands—
  Hears the message with surprise;
Thoughtfully, she clasps her hands,
  Heavenward, she lifts her eyes;
    Listens! as to harps above,
    Sweetly tuned to notes of love.

By that look, her heart's desire
  Finds expression all its own.
Heaven doth her soul inspire
  With a joy before unknown.
    Angel choristers above
    Sing of mercy, and of love.

May we catch the heavenly strain;
Make it evermore our own.
Catch the words of that refrain,
And to others make them known.
"Worthy, Christ! the Lamb of God!
He redeems us with His blood."

May we ever heed the voice,
Trust the message, banish fears.
In Christ's finished work rejoice,
Serve Him through the coming years.
Words and deeds must point the way
To a bright unending day.

Music thrills us with delight,
Lifts our thoughts to heaven above;
When from earth we take our flight,
Fills our souls with joy and love.
When are ended earthly days,
Harp and voice still join in praise!

THE LESSON OF THE PAST.

I.

On the banks of the Jordan had gathered a host
That for forty long years in the desert was lost.
They were children of those who had doubted the Lord,
Who had turned back, dismayed, from their promised reward.

II.

They had doubted His word, at report of the spies;
They had feared for results, when those giants should rise:
For their cities were walled, and exceedingly great—
An attempt to destroy would be tempting their fate!

III.

All the people were strong—all that dwelt in the land.
'Gainst the children of Anak, they never could stand!
They were giants in stature and giants in might.
Such report from the spies made them tremble with fright.

IV.

Unbelief turned them back to the wilderness way :
Forty years they should wander—a year for a day !
They should die in the wilderness, die for their sin,
But their children should come, and at last enter in.

V.

Forty years, for the days when the spies searched the land,
And their children had come, for the day was at hand.
All the faint-hearted fathers were low with the dead:
They had wasted away, as Jehovah had said.

VI.

Yes, their children had come to their promised reward ;
To establish their home, in the name of the Lord,
In a land which the patriarch fathers had trod,
Which was promised to them, as the favored of God.

VII.

While they waited in Moab, a warning was given—
They must keep the commands of their Father in heaven.
God would bless them if *true*, but if *false*, then His rod !
They resolved to be true to their country, and God.

VIII.

If obedient children, He promised them rest.
They must honor Jehovah, if they would be blest.
If they worshipped false gods, then the stranger would slay :
He would come—a great army—and take them away.

IX.

Only Caleb and Joshua with them remained—
Striking proof that obedience favor had gained.
Of the twelve who went forward to spy out the land,
Only these had the courage their foes to withstand.

X.

When the ark of the covenant rested midway,
Men of war passed before them in battle array.
Then the host of the Lord boldly entered their land—
Crossed the Jordan, dry-shod, at the word of command.

XI.

The inhabitants fled from that conquering host !
Walls of Jericho fell, and the city was lost.
And the dread of that host—or of God, it may be,
Soon enveloped them all, like a mist from the sea !

XII.

For the angel of God to the leader appeared,
And that leader was strengthened, his spirit was cheered;
He remembered the promise Jehovah had made:
Though the conflict was fierce, he was never afraid.

XIII.

While they faithfully served, there were blessings in store,
And the nation was prospered as never before.
For the God of their fathers was Ruler, and King!
They could trust in His strength, and triumphantly sing.

XIV.

When the Children of Israel wandered from God,
Then that nation, defiled, felt the weight of His rod!
That fair land which they loved, as by whirlwind was swept,
And as captives in Babylon sorely they wept!

XV.

Does the promise stand fast which Jehovah has spoken?
It is fixed as the stars! it will never be broken.
Be it *blessing*, or *curse*—though a long time deferred,
It will surely follow, fulfilling His word.

XVI.

Is the country we cherish our hope and our joy?
If we're *false* to our God, we its greatness destroy.
But, if *true*, we are promised prosperity great.
As Jehovah is honored, so prospers the State.

XVII.

This the lesson we learn, as we study the past.
That *obedience* brings us the blessings that last.
If we honor Jehovah, He'll guide us, in love,
From His kingdom below to His kingdom above.

THE BAPTISM.

I.

A mother with her child most dear
  Before the altar stands.
With faith in Christ, she brings it here
  To place it in His hands.
To Him, she gives her little one
  With sacred Christian vows.
She trusts the merits of the *Son*—
  Before Him humbly bows.

II.

Its future life, would He control?
  This is the mother's prayer—
That God would keep its precious soul
  Beneath His constant care.
The man of God performs the rite:
  The water is applied.
In covenant they here unite,
  She trusts in God, to guide.

III.

God guides the child, and years go by.
We see him take his place
Beneath the cross, to ratify
That covenant of grace.
He stands before the altar now—
He hears the Saviour's call.
And others, with him, humbly bo
Before the Lord of all.

IV.

The baptized children of the Church—
An army for the Lord!
For nobler rite, in vain we search—
Each child the Father's ward!
As cleansing water is applied,
And purity we gain—
So may the blood of Christ, who died,
Remove each guilty stain.

V.

Still *others* come, and stand before
The sacred altar, where
They give to Him whom they adore
Their hearts—in earnest prayer,
That He would keep them all their days,
And by His Spirit, guide,
Until they join in songs of praise
Beyond death's rising tide.

VI.

They, too, the sacred rite receive
According to His will:
The word of Him whom they believe,
Their purpose to fulfil.
They come, for now the Shepherd's voice
Is calling, as of old.
In Him, their loving hearts rejoice,
They come within the fold.

VII.

And here, confessing their belief
In God, and in His Son,
And in His Spirit—thus, in brief,
They own the "Three in One."
Before the world they stand, confessed
Disciples of the Lord.
Their faith in God is thus expressed;
They trust His gracious word.

VIII.

This sacred rite is, at the most,
But symbol, kindly given.
Baptizing with the Holy Ghost
Alone can fit for heaven.
And so, we pray Thee, Father dear—
Fill Thou our hearts with love.
Restore to us Thy likeness here,
Baptize us from above.

Patriotic

PATRIOTIC

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

The thirteenth annual reunion of the Veteran Association of the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery Regiment was held in Lyric Hall, New York, in commemoration of the battle of Cedar Creek. The hall was decorated elaborately, as was the parlor and banquet room, with flags loaned the Association for the occasion by order of General B. F. Tracy, Secretary of the Navy. Among the foreign flags displayed were the British, German, Brazilian, San Domingo, Guatemalan, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese, and Siamese, and a full set of signal and international flags; also a large number of American flags. This display of flags called forth the following tribute to the "Red, White, and Blue" from John M. Morse, of Passaic, N. J.

OUR FLAG.

Oh, flag of our country, thou "Red, White, and Blue!"
Float proudly aloft o'er the valiant and true.
Though flags of the nations for honors may vie,
Thou glorious banner! we lift thee on high!

Though flags of the nations in gorgeous array,
So tastefully draped, all their beauties display,
They pale before thee in the eyes of the brave,
Who rallied around thee our country to save.

Let traitors beware how they scoff at thy pow'r!
True hearts shall arise for the day and the hour.
Thy stars and thy stripes will to victory guide;
In peace or in war—still our glory and pride!

The loyal and true will forever revere
Thy red, white, and blue, to our fathers so dear—
Triumphantly greet thee, on land or on sea—
Thou glorious banner! thou flag of the free!

OUR BOYS IN BLUE.

When call—"To arms!"—rang o'er the land,
To save the State from traitor hand,
The old—the young—from far and near,
By thousands, came to volunteer.

They joined the ranks and marched away.
'Twas not to camp for gala day!
They marched to fields of fiercest strife,
That they might save the nation's life.

Rebellion reared its hateful form—
And then, in fury burst the storm!
That foe assailed our loyal sons—
We heard the booming of their guns!

The rebel flag they lifted high!
Beneath its folds they'd win or die!
Defiant, gave their fiendish yell,
Accompanied by shot and shell!

Must work of Washington be lost,
With all the lives and all the cost ?
Must those departed spirits see,
They wrought in vain for liberty ?

No ! God forbid ! ! While in our veins
A drop of loyal blood remains
No rebel hand shall strike to earth
The glory of our nation's birth !

Loud was the call—" To arms ! To arms ! ! "
And valiant men from schools and farms—
From every avocation, came,
Their loyal hearts with zeal aflame.

That cruel war was fierce and long ;
And many sleep—once brave and strong !
'Twas life for life—and thousands fell,
To save the State they loved so well.

And thousands more, till called up higher.
Were left to starve in prisons dire !
No tongue or pen can tell the woes
Inflicted by those rebel foes !

And thousands more, exchanged at last,
Returned but shadows of the past !
Mere wrecks of body and of mind :
'Twere hard a parallel to find !

No deadly shot—no prison pen—
Could damp the ardor of our men!
In ranks on ranks, those gallant sons
Advanced upon the rebel guns!

See! See!! Those guns belch forth their fire!
And thousands on the field expire!
Our "Boys in Blue" charge not in vain,
For thousands of the foe are slain!

Oh! wild the rush—and loud the roar,
And red the field with human gore!
But, from that vortex of the strife,
Came liberty, and law, and life!

Our "Boys in Blue" right nobly fought,
Lest work of years should come to naught!
That truth and right might here prevail,
And "Ship of State" outride the gale!

The storm was fierce! The waves were high!
At last the hurricane passed by.
A voice from heaven said—"Peace, be still!"
That voice subdued the stubborn will!

Our nation lives! The strife is o'er,
And freedom reigns from shore to shore!
Unfurl our flag! Long live the true!
God bless our gallant "Boys in Blue."

DECORATION DAY.

In Remembrance.

When Lincoln to the front was called,
This mighty nation stood appalled!
For Slave State men had dared to say—
From *Union* they would break away!

Of honor and of sense bereft,
Our legislative halls they left.
They seized our forts—our pow'rs defied,
Resolved this *Union* to divide!

Black war-clouds hung like fun'ral pall—
A doom impending over all.
They fired on our "Stripes and Stars!"
And raised aloft the "Stars and Bars!"

Shall this great nation come to naught,
Which was by blood of heroes bought?
No—*No!* the answer came, with cheers,
When Lincoln called for volunteers.

The bugle notes were heard afar
Which called our gallant sons to war.
They heard the call—they sprang to arms,
Unmindful of its dread alarms.

From shop and farm, and school and store,
They came—"three hundred thousand more."
And more—and *more*, as years sped by,
Left home and friends, to dare, and die!

A noble army, true and brave—
They gave up all, the State to save!
Our nation's life the noble cause,
Its life, and liberty, and laws.

To save the State, they drew their swords,
And bravely fought the rebel hordes.
On many fields they met the foe,
And all their hardships *few can know.*

Sometimes they won—sometimes they lost;
In either case, at fearful cost!
For thousands of our bravest sons
Went down before the rebel guns!

* * * * * *

At last the war-clouds rolled away;
Our gallant troops had won the day.
Our nation lives! Its flag now waves
O'er happy homes and honored graves.

With grateful hearts choice flow'rs provide
For Freedom's sons who bled and died!
Bring flow'rs. Let floral off'rings grace
Their last—their quiet resting place.

Perchance the *rebel dead lie here.*—
Let no rude thoughts of hate appear.
Misguided men! They war no more.
Bring flow'rs—for all that strife is o'er.

Bring flow'rs. Let fragrance float above
The sleeping forms of those we love.
Like incense let it rise on high
For soldiers brave, who dared to die!

Who dared to die, the State to save:
The great—the good—the true and brave!
Bring flow'rs—and strew them all around
Where they repose: 'tis "hallowed ground!"

Bring flow'rs, sweet flow'rs, and place them where
Our soldiers rest, with loving care.
Bring flow'rs: for ev'ry soldier's name
Deserves a place on scroll of fame!

Tread softly, for the strife is o'er—
The clash of arms they heed no more.
There's no more war: no lurking foes;
Now, all is *peace*—and sweet repose.

OUR BRAVE DEFENDERS.

Once more do we stand by the graves of our heroes,
  Who gave up their lives that the nation might live.
Uncovered our heads, for their presence is sacred;
  Their life was their off'ring! what more could they
    give?
True heroes indeed! for they marched out to battle,
Nor faltered when met by the roar and the rattle
Of traitorous guns, that with every breath
Belched forth shot and shell, with destruction and
    death!

Once more we have come to remember our heroes.
  With choicest of flowers, we honor their dust.
Their fragrance shall rise like sweet incense to heaven—
  To God over all, in whom ever we trust.
We decorate graves of our fallen with roses.
We cherish the place where a hero reposes.
We bring to remembrance the work of our slain:
The life of a hero is never in vain.

Bring flowers, sweet flowers, and scatter them over
Our loved ones, our lost ones, who died for the State.
They *died!* but they *live* in the hearts of the people,—
True greatness is never a victim of fate!
They live in results, which to us are a blessing;
We come with bowed heads and with flowers, expressing
Our gratitude deep for their work and their pain!
Results are their *fruit*, and that fruit shall remain.

God giveth us peace, and a Union unbroken!
A land that is rich, both in silver and gold.
Broad acres productive of bountiful harvests—
A source of great blessing, worth treasures untold!
We honor brave soldiers who died for the nation—
Their warfare heroic compels admiration!
Peace, peace to the dead—e'en their grave hath its charms.
Peace, peace to the living—their comrades in arms!

We look from our dead to the source of all blessing.
Thou author of life, and Thou giver of lands!
Our hope is in Thee! And we trust in Thy favor:—
God of battles, defend us from traitorous hands!
With God on our side, we'll not fear war's commotion:
His blessings shall broaden from ocean to ocean;
And *Peace* shall illumine our liberty tree!
This land of our fathers—the home of the free!

THOUGHTS FOR DECORATION DAY.

As we visit the graves of our heroes who perished
For the life of the nation, which fondly they cherished,
Let us ponder the question that comes to the State—
Why that cruel rebellion, with carnage so great?

There was cause for chastisement—we own it with shame—
For a blot stained our record, and sullied our name.
There was right with the weak, there was greed with the strong,
And a compromise ended in favor of wrong!

While our fathers most nobly resisted oppression,
Truth compels us, with sadness, to make this confession:
There were slaves in the land, and, to add to their gains,
They retained them in bondage and strengthened their chains.

But oppression and greed never profit a nation.
It can ne'er rise to greatness on such a foundation.
For the wrong that is cherished brings discord and strife—
Like a viper, it poisons when warmed into life!

Yes, the wrong that found favor soon sought to command—
To extend all its borders and cover the land!
Then our brave sons, for freedom, for justice and right,
Though defied and derided, arose in their might.

God declares it, in language the nations can hear:
Right shall triumph at last, and the wrong disappear.
Until that day shall come, let us ever maintain:
He who battles for truth never battles in vain.

Though we fall on the field, though we sleep with the dead,
If for God and for right, not in vain have we bled.
When we favor the wrong, we pass under the rod,
But if right we shall have the approval of God.

If to God and to country we're faithful and true,
His rich blessings upon us distil as the dew.
Though the way seemeth dark, soon the danger is past;
We have God on our side, and we triumph at last.

War's grim visage we fear not when right is assailed,
And we honor the men who o'er wrong have prevailed.
We will garland our heroes—their fame shall increase;
They were harbingers true of the Angel of Peace.

Bring the sweetest of flowers—a choice decoration;
O'er the graves let them tell of the love of a nation.
Where our heroes repose—to the end of the days,
Bring we garlands of flowers and garlands of praise.

OUR HEROES.

Many years have now passed since that terrible strife,
When the North sprang to arms for our national life.
When our bravest and best, at the country's loud call,
For the sake of that life left their homes and their all.

Left their peaceful pursuits to meet death on the field :
Rather death than the right of secession to yield.
For our nation was great with the "many in *one ;*"
But division of States meant a nation undone !

When the South had declared that the Union should go,
And our armies defied as a cowardly foe ;
It was then that the boys in our national blue
Proved by valorous deeds they were valiant and true.

Long and fierce was the war which then raged in the land ;
For our soldiers advanced at the word of command.
By the thousands they fell, but our nation survives,
Owing all, under God, to those thousands of lives !

There was grief in the home—there was sorrow of heart;
As they thought of their dead, tears unbidden would start.
There was grief in the home for the loved and the lost;
Though a nation was saved, 'twas at terrible cost!

There was grief in the home—not unmingled with joy,
For the country was safe which foes thought to destroy.
Yes, the country was safe; and the hosts of the slain
Had done nobly their part a just cause to maintain.

When rebellion was crushed, and the living returned
From the fields they had won—where their camp fires burned—
They were welcomed with tears and with joyful acclaim:
And the nation they saved—is still proud of their fame!

Noble army of men, both the living and dead!
To the loyal, a joy, but to traitors, a dread.
'Tis with gratitude deep, and with gladness, we bring
All these tokens of love—brightest flowers of spring.

Noble army of men! some among us remain;
But the many are now with the hosts of the slain!
For the living, are cheers! cheers for Grand Army braves!
For the fallen, are tears—while we cherish their graves!

Noble army of men ! may their ashes repose
Undisturbed by the tread of an army of foes.
May our future brave sons loving tribute still bring,
Keeping memory green with the flowers of spring.

May the heroes who braved that most terrible storm
Have a place in the heart that shall ever be warm.
May their valorous deeds love of country inspire,
So that hosts may arise should occasion require.

While we think what the needs of our country might
be,
Let us hope that from war we may ever be free.
That—" With malice toward none "—'neath our flag
we may meet,
North and South ever *one,* and our Union complete.

Miscellaneous

SUCCESS.

Our life is a blessing, or curse, as we make it.
In spite of surroundings, we rise if we will;
The power is given, if only we'll take it,
The mountains to level—the valleys to fill.

Some stand at the bottom; no friends and no money.
Their lot is a hard one, but upward they'll rise
If firm in their purpose. The milk and the honey
Will fall to their portion, as food from the skies.

Some start in life's journey with prospects the brightest,
With riches and honors—a name and renown.
Inherited blessings—with crosses the lightest;
And yet, with all these, some are missing the crown!

These blessings avail not, if purpose is lacking;
Success is not won by a wish or a dream!
Hard work and persistence—with these for a backing,
One never is helpless, to drift on the stream.

Perchance these are school days, and lessons are pressing.
Perchance you are weary, and long for their close:
Take courage! Remember, hard work is a blessing
Which brings you successes and restful repose.

Then shrink not from labor; with willing hands take it.
No drone ever conquered the ills of this life.
Take labor with gladness; a stepping-stone make it—
Successes will sweeten the toil and the strife.

Be guided in all things by true Christian spirit,
Let Love have dominion, whatever betides;
Seek not for great riches, but rather for merit,
For riches will perish—while merit abides.

DON'T YOU SEE?

The boy who on the corner stands
With open mouth and listless air;
Who in his pockets thrusts his hands,
And shows no signs of thought or care;
Who idly dreams—who rarely works—
Who needful task or duty shirks:
Though kind in manner he may be,
There's much that's lacking: Don't you see?

The boy who will neglect his book
For game of chance—or bat and ball;
For gun and dog—or rod and hook,
Or for a *dance*—for one or *all*,
Will find he's made a grand mistake.
Can *games* the place of *knowledge* take?
When on the top round he would be,
He'll find he's lacking: Don't you see?

The boy who smokes a cigarette,
  Or drinks with friend a social glass,
Is forming habits to regret,
  Whose ills all other ills surpass!
Though solid rock is near at hand,
That boy is building on the sand.
  With scoffing mates and boist'rous glee,
  His course is downward: Don't you see?

The girl who at the window waits
  With idle hands and dreamy look,
Who by her actions says she hates
  The household work of maid or cook.
Who lets her mother do it all,
While she goes out to make a call—
  Howe'er refined that girl may be,
  There's much that's lacking: Don't you see?

The girl whose recitations show
  No earnest work—no careful thought;
Who fails in what she ought to know
  When skilful test of work is brought:
That girl will fail to win the prize;
Will fail, while earnest workers rise.
  A grand success she'll never be—
  There's too much lacking: Don't you see?

When one would build a house to stand,
He builds upon the solid rock.
He takes the best at his command—
He piles the granite, block on block.
No soft shale rock will have a place
In inner or in outer face.
Well-tested rock shall polished be
For lasting structure: Don't you see?

Build thou for time, on solid rock.
Give thought and care; build broad and deep.
Then tempest wild, with rudest shock
Shall harmlessly around thee sweep.
With knowledge gained, and purpose grand,
The ills of life thou canst command.
From all their pow'r thou shalt be free;
Thy pow'r the greater: Don't you see?

CITY AND COUNTRY LIVING.

Standing in the market-places,
  Or the avenues of trade,
You behold in many faces
  Lines that grief and care have made.

In the city all is motion,
  Now, as in the days of yore;
Like the restless waves of ocean
  As they break upon the shore.

Constant changing, coming, going;
  Now the ending, now the start;
Now the ebbing, now the flowing;
  Crowds advance and crowds depart.

Each one bent upon his mission,
  Each intent his place to fill;
While his hopes of full fruition
  Urge him to his utmost skill.

Constant toiling, pushing, driving;
Strength at last in weakness ends.
Nerveless—drops the hand thus striving;
Snaps—the bow that ne'er unbends!

O ye city toilers, listen!
Would you find relief from care?
Where the sparkling dewdrops glisten,
There your happy homes prepare.

On the hillside or the mountain,
In a vale or near a wood;
By a river, lake, or fountain,
Where to you it seemeth good.

There make ready, rear your dwelling;
Make it an inviting home.
All vexatious thoughts dispelling,
To it you will gladly come.

All your daily tasks completing,
Leave corroding cares behind;
Find in home and home-life greeting,
Rest of body, peace of mind.

Let the songsters of the morning
Greet you with their notes of praise;
Let the flowers earth adorning
Gladden all your toilsome days.

When the crickets 'neath the daisies,
And the night birds on the wing,
Give in chirp and song their praises,
Lift your voice—give thanks and sing.

When the stars begin their shining,
One by one they give their light;
All their rays at last combining,
Make the glory of the night.

When the hush of evening, falling—
Falling softly ev'rywhere—
Calls—a voice from heaven calling:
Lift your heart in grateful prayer.

Let it be a prayer of blessing,
Full of gratitude and praise;
While to God your sins confessing,
Pray for strength for coming days.

Thus the quiet round your dwelling
Lifts your thoughts and hopes above;
While the earth and sky are telling
Of the Father's boundless love.

VAIN ANN ELIZA.

Ann Eliza was young, Ann Eliza was fair;
She had bright laughing eyes, and a wealth of
brown hair.
She was matchless in form, every movement showed
grace—
But she prided herself on her beautiful face.

Ann Eliza could shine in her pleasing attire,
And her voice and her smiles made one stop to
admire.
She was pleased in a look admiration to trace;
But pleased above all with her beautiful face.

Ann Eliza was sought for, and petted by some
Who, in turn, thought to make her the queen of
their home.
But they found little sense for so sacred a place.
She was too much in love with her beautiful face.

Oh, how transient is beauty—how little of worth.
When 'tis first on the list, 'tis a bauble of earth.
Unless sound common sense has the uppermost place,
There is little to prize in a beautiful face.

True, a beautiful face, wealth of hair, and bright eyes,
The Creator bestows. They are treasures to prize.
Like bright gems, they adorn, if with sense they're combined—
If they have, for their setting, a well-cultured mind.

Ann Eliza is old, and her beauty is gone.
It departed like dew in the glare of the sun.
She is sought for no more! This—her lasting disgrace—
She neglected her mind for her beautiful face.

YOUTH.

In the morning of life all is joyous and bright,
Like the dawn of the day, like the glory of night:
With no dark, threat'ning cloud, with no storm speeding by,
To o'ershadow the sun or the stars in the sky.

'Tis the bud of the rose, with its wrappings to suit;
'Tis the spring of the year, with its promise of fruit.
'Tis the gladsome new moon, shining clear, in the west,
And of all that is bright, 'tis the brightest and best.

'Tis the joy of the mother, the pride of her heart;
For she hopes in results of which this is the start.
From the acorn, the oak; and the river, from rills;
With this hope for the future the mother heart thrills.

Oh, the bright days of youth! did we know their full worth,
We would prize them above all the gems of the earth.
We would fill them with *work, rest,* and *pleasure combined,*
To develop aright strength of body and mind.

MANHOOD.

From the zenith afar, with its vertical ray—
Shines the sun in its splendor, the glory of day.
Tho' dark clouds should arise to bedim its clear light,
They are scattered away by its power and might.

In the noontide of life there is strength for the hour;
It is then that man reaches his zenith of power.
With an arm for the conflict, a brain that can plan—
All his trials but make him a *manlier man.*

Like the oak on the hillside, majestic in form:
Like the ship on the ocean, prepared for the storm;
When that storm would engulf, or would dash to the ground,
They come forth from the conflict with victory crowned.

What a power for good is a man in his prime,
Who will stand for the right with a firmness sublime;
Who will stand in his place with truth's banner unfurled,
Who will let his light shine for the good of the world.

When an enemy threatens the life of the State,
When all own, with sad hearts, that the peril is great;
When devouring flames shoot up higher and higher,
And destruction stalks forth as a fiend in the fire—

When by famine or sword, or by pestilence dread,
Many thousands are called to lie down with the dead.
When gross evils abound, and the wicked increase,
And we sigh for the joys and the triumphs of eace—

In such perilous times man's true manhood appears:
It has grown with his growth and has strengthened with years.
When his country needs help—when the danger is nigh—
He is ready, if need be, to dare and to die!

When the fiend in the fire has his victims at bay,
Or when famine and sword by the thousands would slay;
Or when pestilence—swift—for its victims would fly—
Then true manhood shines forth, brightest star in the sky.

When temptations allure, and the wicked assail,
Hoping soon by their arts o'er the young to prevail,
Christian manhood is heard, saying "Why will ye die?"
And its banner of truth floats in triumph on high.

OLD AGE.

'Tis a beautiful day, and the balmiest air
Is inviting the man with the silvery hair
To come out and enjoy, 'neath the shade of the trees,
The sweet songs of the birds, and the hum of the bees.

With his staff in his hand, he appears at the door,
And he goes with delight where he's oft gone before—
To that shady retreat which invites him to share
All its joy and repose in a cosey arm-chair.

Now we see him at rest from the care and the strife,
And the work which engrossed such a share of his life.
Yes, he rests from it all, and the cat at his feet,
Sleeping quietly there, makes the picture complete.

Now the past, like a dream, brings a tear or a joy,
While he thinks of his life as a man, as a boy.
With his hands on his staff, and his head resting there,
He seems buried in thought, or engaged in a prayer.

Now he leans himself back in his chair; and we know
By that far-away look, as he rocks to and fro,
He is thinking of one, ever dearest and best,
Whom the Father in love called away to her rest.

And of others he thinks (sitting there 'neath the shade)—
Of his friends of the past, who to rest have been laid.
And he thinks, and he hopes, that with them he may rise
From his home in the grave, to his home in the skies.

Peaceful thoughts fill his mind, in that cosey arm-chair.
Not a thought that's unkind finds a lodging-place there.
Human frailty is great, this he very well knows;
So he prays for himself, and he prays for his foes.

When the sun has completed its course in the sky;
When the morn, and the noon, and the evening are by—

OLD AGE.

Then we think how like life is each varying stage.
It was youth, then 'twas manhood, and now 'tis old age.

When the oak, after braving full many a storm,
Yields at last in the conflict, a much-battered form,
Then we think of the strong ones, the valiant, the brave,
Who have fought their last battle, and rest in the grave.

When the ship that has weathered full many a gale,
Comes at last into port, nevermore to set sail,
Then we think, and we hope, when our journey is o'er,
We may reach Heaven's port, on the bright shining shore.

BEST OF ALL.

Suburban towns and sights abound
In all directions they are found.
O'er hill and dale, go where you will,
Suburban towns will greet you still.

And each is claimed to be the best.
Take heed to what we here suggest.
Though looking *here*, or looking *there*,
Select your dwelling-place with care.

Advantages of ev'ry kind
Are claimed for each : perchance you'll find
Among the choicest, great or small,
Our modest city leads them all.

Sometimes the towns that claim the most
Have least of all of which to boast.
So use due care in your selection,
And make no choice on slight inspection.

Of finest walks they all can tell;
On finest views they all can dwell;
While others still will tell of drives
That make the pleasure of their lives.

The claim is made for best of health,
A blessing better far than wealth;
For best of climates, with location
That wins the greatest admiration.

For best of water, best of light,
For best of schools. They all unite
In claiming these as reasons why
Those seeking homes should come and buy.

The churches get their share of praise
For best of work in many ways;
Their pastors all true shepherds are,
Who always mend and never mar.

Their doctors have the best of skill;
They always save, they never kill—
That is, whenever skill *can* save,
They snatch the sick one from the grave.

Their lawyers, should you need their skill,
To plead your cause or make your will,
Will prove their fitness for the task:
You'll ne'er begrudge the fees they ask.

Their worthy tradesmen, one and all,
Will do their best, whene'er you call,
To sell you what they have in store—
A week's supply—or less, or more.

Their printers are a worthy set,
Who give you all the news they get;
They serve it up in best of style,
Your leisure hours to beguile.

'Tis thus they run through ev'ry trade,
To claim for each a first-class grade.
"We have the best that can be found,
Go where you may for miles around."

Now, stranger, modestly we place
Passaic City in the race,
As suited best your home to be;
So when you're looking, come and see.

It matters not what others say;
Before deciding, *come this way.*
The chances are, if you should call,
You'd like Passaic *best of all.*

TRUE-HEARTED JENNIE BROWN.

Jennie Brown, as a girl, was admired by all.
She was not very short, she was not very tall.
She was homely, they said, in her calico gown—
Jennie Brown, for all that, was the pride of the town.

Jennie Brown went to school when she found time to go;
And she studied quite hard, all her lessons to know.
She resolved to improve every moment in school,
And the wise ones remarked, "She is nobody's fool."

Jennie Brown, it was clear, had a warm, loving heart.
If she won a kind word, 'twas without any art.
Most unselfish and true was this dear Jennie Brown:
She, for goodness of heart, was the pride of the town.

Though Dame Nature denied her a beautiful face,
There was something more lovely had taken its place.
'Twas that warm, loving heart, so unselfish and true,
Which, forgetting itself, into loveliness grew.

She is now full of years—but a joy, as of yore.
She's the pride of the town, and a friend of the poor.
Though her hair is now gray, and her step is less bold,
In the hearts of her children she'll never grow old.

Jennie Brown, the true-hearted, all bow to her worth;
It is hoped many like her will gladden the earth.
Such a life is a beacon that ever will shine—
Making that which is human more like the divine.

BE HELPFUL.

Be helpful, my brother—be helpful:
  Don't spend all your time on yourself.
Look out, and around, for the needy—
  Your talents ne'er place on a shelf.
With willing hands ready for action,
  A heart that is throbbing to bless,
You'll find there is much satisfaction—
  Far more than mere words can express.

Give aid to the weak and the weary—
  Those ready to fall by the way.
A look that is loving and cheery
  May keep them from going astray.
A kind-hearted look—what a blessing!
  For sympathy speaks through the eye.
There's much in the world that's depressing,
  But sympathy helps one to try.

A hand to the rescue! my brother,
A hand that is ready and strong;
While grasping the hand of another,
How safely you lead him along!
The hand and the touch of a true heart
Will conquer misgivings and fears—
Will bring to the lost one a new heart,
Will bring him rejoicings for tears.

A word fitly spoken may cheer one
Whose life, by unkindness, is chilled.
The heart and the life of some dear one
With Spirit divine may be filled.
Go forth, then, with talents God-given—
A joy to the needy impart.
Lead onward, and upward, to heaven;
Be strong and be valiant of heart.

Be helpful, O brother—be helpful;
Your work there's none other can do.
With cheerfulness take up each duty,
To conscience be loyal and true.
Strive ever to bless those around you,
Do good as the moments glide by;
Your trials will never confound you,
Your rest will be perfect on high.

SUCCESSFUL WORK

What can we do to win success ?
To make the most of life ?
Be ev'rything that we profess :
Have faith in God, and upward press ;
Give earnest work, the world to bless :
Refrain from sinful strife.

Bring heart and hand with fervent zeal.
Seek not for selfish gain !
Do what we can for others' weal,
When needy ones for aid appeal.
Lose sight of self—we then will feel
Our work is not in vain.

Such earnest work shall help to free
From sin in ev'ry guise.
God's loving grace we always see,
Where'er such noble work may be.
Such Christian effort helps Dundee,
And gives it pow'r to rise.

Most dwellers there have come from far–
  Beyond the mighty sea!
Our own loved land their *guiding star!*
Their many tongues must prove no bar
To earnest Christian effort, for
  A blessing on Dundee.

Thy spirit, Lord, be with them all.
  Bless Thou that Christian band.
They heard the very pressing call
To build God's house. Tho' weak and small,
Great obstacles did not appal.
  Their noble work shall stand.

That church, oh, God, we pray Thee bless.
  Do Thou with them abide.
And as thy worshippers express,
With contrite hearts, their thankfulness,
Give Thou to them abundant grace–
  Be Thou their God and guide.

The following poem is respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Edith A. Hawk, of Ridgefield, Conn., with the best wishes of

THE AUTHOR.

WON AT LAST.

Rippling rills from lofty mountains,
Sparkling brightly, downward glide:
Onward, onward, ever onward,
Till they mingle with the tide.
They, with waves in wild commotion,
Form a part of th' mighty ocean!

Little buds, so full of vigor,
Yield to Spring's alluring skies:
Quickly bursting bands of Winter,
Up from dormant sleep they rise.
Blossoms fragrant in their glory,
Whisper Love's familiar story.

Little children, bright and sprightly,
Fill with joy the mother's heart.
Ev'ry moment she is watching,
Best of lessons to impart.
Voyaging on Life's stormy ocean,
They are helped by her devotion.

Zephyrs woo the youthful voyagers,
Out to ocean's treach'rous waves!
Active and alert, the mother
Sees the peril, shields and saves.
'Neath smooth surface—what is stranger?
Mother-love detects the danger!

Years go by—the voyage is over—
Ev'ry journey ends at last.
Voyagers safe within the harbor,
Fly their colors from the mast.
This, the hoped for consummation
Of a life-long consecration.

When the work of Life is ended,
All the pleasure—all the pain—
Much that seemed a hopless failure
Will appear Life's richest gain!
Won at last—the heart's desires;
This the Hope that Faith inspires!

Waters reach the mighty ocean,
Little buds bring flowers rare.
Children, led by Love's devotion,
In the joys of heaven share.
"In His Name!" there is no other.
Happy children, happy mother!

PREPARATION.

There is much in the world to accomplish,
  Much that needs earnest effort and care.
To obtain best results with our labor,
  We must take special pains to prepare.
We must take up the rudiments singly,
  We must master them every one.
We must climb from the foot of the ladder,
  We must learn how to walk ere we run.

There's a law, and we find it unyielding;
  We must follow it closely to win.
For our work we must make preparation;
  To prepare, is the way to begin.
We must have A, B, C for beginners;
  Something simple and plain, at the start.
We must master first principles bravely,
  Or we never can master an art.

It is little by little in starting—
More and more as our labors progress;
And the efforts put forth in our weakness,
Give us strength for our future success.
Mathematics, at first, is but counting—
Few and simple the rules we apply;
But with careful and wise preparation,
We can measure the sun in the sky.

'Tis a truth which we often should ponder,
If we wish in life's work to succeed:
For that work we must make preparation—
Of the best we will always have need.
Well prepared, we will not make a failure;
He is slothful and careless who fails:
While the one who has made preparation,
Meets the forces opposed, and prevails.

Preparation for work of the preacher—
Work for sinners and saints in the pews;
Or for work in the editor's sanctum,
Where they give their best thoughts with the news;
Or for work as a lawyer or doctor,
Work in school-room, or store, or in shop:
Preparation, whatever our calling,
We must have, if we'd stand at the top.

Preparation is needed for all things
That are worthy of effort and skill.
Preparation for living or dying,
Preparation for doing God's will.
Preparation will fit us for service,
Make us brave amid turmoil and strife.
Preparation will give us safe passage
As we sail o'er the ocean of life.

DON'T BE QUEER.

NUMBER ONE.

Billy, Billy ! list to me.
  Have I got your ear ?
Billy, I would have you be
  Not the least bit queer.
    Earnestly I caution you,
    Having this one thought in view.

Billy ! rude, obtrusive ways
  Are offensive, quite.
Fight them bravely all your days,
  Drive them out of sight.
    Things that are so foolish, shun,
    Drive them from you, one by one.

Many youngsters think that when
They are making noise,
'Tis a proof that they are *men:*
Not lawless little boys!
So they whistle everywhere,
And for others have no care.

Billy! surely this is wrong!
Ne'er should you intrude.
Never whistle in a throng—
It is very rude.
Do not win attention, boy,
With loud noises that annoy.

Whistling speaks a vacant mind,
When no *tune* is heard.
In it, only *noise* we find—
Noise, but not a word.
Meaningless as empty air,
Not a thought, and not a care.

Thoughtlessness makes no advance;
Growth is smothered, quite.
Think we must, or stand no chance
For an upward flight!
Growth is toward the light of day,
Thought and purpose point the way.

DON'T BE QUEER.

NUMBER TWO.

Billy ! think, where'er you go,
  Not of what you wear !
Think of what you ought to know ;
  Not about your hair !
    Be not bound by Fashion's string,
    Judgment use in everything.

For appearance, have a care.
  Never wear a *curl.*
Billy ! never part your hair
  Like a pretty girl !
    What is lovely for Miss Tillie,
    Is not just the thing for Billy !

Billy! be a *manly man.*
Never ape a girl!
That would be a foolish plan
In life's busy whirl.
Tidy be, and comb your hair,
But *never plaster it with care!*

When the *mustache,* in its prime,
Doth adorn your face,
Do not twist it all the time,
To make it keep its place.
Rather than appear a dunce,
Better cut it off at once!

Never *pose,* to make a show!
Silly, dudish ways
Prove how little one can know,
Worth a word of praise.
This they say, as best they can,
"I'm a *v-e-r-y—handsome—man!*"

Handsome man! for shame—for shame!
Let it ne'er be said
You are proud of such a name;
Do not lose your head!
Onward! upward! look thou higher!
After *manliness* aspire.

DON'T BE QUEER.

NUMBER THREE.

Billy ! don't get in a sweat
  When your efforts fail
Never sulk, or rage, or fret—
  Fretting won't avail.
    Fretting does no earthly good ;
    Ne'er indulge in such a mood !

Do not look for life of ease ;
  Life of toil is better.
Labor may not always please ;
  Sometimes 'tis a fetter
    Holding back from wild excesses :
    Then it strengthens ! then it blesses !

Never fail to try again—
Always persevere.
Earnest, energetic men
Never need to fear.
Tho' they miss the topmost round,
Very near it they'll be found.

Do not set your heart on wealth,
But on things above.
Wealth is naught compared to health—
Naught to heart of love:
Wealth is oft a fatal snare,
Filled with dark, corroding care!

Don't withhold a helping hand
From the weak and weary.
Give them help, that they may stand:
Let your words be cheery.
Opportunities abound,
Scatter blessings all around.

Cultivate your mind and heart,
Have in life a plan.
Ever acting well your part,
Billy, be a *man*.
Be as light on rock-bound shore,
Where the wild waves break and roar.

BE BRAVE.

Dark may seem the way before you—
  Clouds may gather overhead :
And the one who should adore you
  May, alas, be worse than dead !
    Still look up ! There's *One* can save !
    Look to *Him* for strength ! Be brave !

He whose voice, once heard in wooing,
  Was so sweet, so soft, and low—
Is he working your undoing ?
  Does he cause you pain and woe ?
    Still look up ! There's *One* can save !
    Look to Him for strength ! Be brave !

Manhood—is it lost forever ?
  Has the *cup* a fatal charm ?
One there is all chains can sever—
  One, your every foe disarm !
    Look to Him, for He can save !
    He can give you strength ! Be brave !

Timid voyager on life's ocean,
  Do you sometimes yield to doubt?
Does the wild waves' fierce commotion
  Put your feeble faith to rout?
    Doubt no more! Be *true* and *brave!*
    Trust your pilot! He can save!

When life's trials, o'er you flowing,
  Like a cloud, shut out the light;
When your pleasures, brightly glowing,
  Are eclipsed in darkest night!
    Give not up in wild despair!
    Still be brave to *do* and *dare!*

He who sees the little sparrow
  When it falleth to the ground
Can avert the deadly arrow,
  Change to smiles the face that frowned!
    Look to Him who stilled the wave!
    Humbly trust in Him to save!

Should your troubles, without ceasing,
  Still continue to assail;
Should the clouds o'erhead increasing
  Add new terrors to the gale!
    Still look up, and bravely cry,
    "I will trust Him, though I die!"

Who can tell why one should suffer
What another never dreads ?
Why the path of one is rougher
Than another ever treads ?
Here such questionings are vain.
God, at last, will make it plain.

Trust in Him, though storms assail you,
And wild lightnings rend the sky !
What can doubts and fears avail you ?
To the Christ for refuge fly !
In the darkness, trust Him still ;
Bow submissive to His will.

Trusting all to Christ the Master ;
His strong arm shall clear the way :
Lead through darkness and disaster,
Up to heaven's unending day !
Tribulations safely past—
Robed in white—a saint, at last !

LIFE'S THOROUGHFARE.

Rushing, rushing! What's the matter?
Why this noisy din and clatter?
Why this ceaseless, wild commotion,
Like the restless waves of ocean?
Surging masses, coming, going—
Human tide—forever flowing.
Why this rushing—everywhere?
This is life's great thoroughfare.

Through this avenue they're going,
Bent on reaping or on sowing,
Ev'ry movement energetic—
This the talisman prophetic.
Energy will bring successes—
Energy success caresses.
Youth and age one purpose share,
Meeting on life's thoroughfare.

Life is full beyond expressing,
Full of work and hope and blessing.
Take the work and win successes;
Cheerful workers heaven blesses.
Blessings make hard work attractive,
This is why we should be active.
Active here and active there,
Up and down life's thoroughfare.

Let us join the earnest workers—
This is not a place for shirkers!
If we make a good beginning
Bright will be our hope of winning.
With the crowd we take our chances,
Gaining strength as time advances.
Keep in step. Don't trip. Take care!
Marching on life's thoroughfare.

Now we're with the moving masses,
Where we find all grades and classes.
Some are weaker, some are stronger,
Some we see have labored longer.
Some are much too young for striving,
But necessities are driving.
Lend a hand! Their burdens share.
Help them tread life's thoroughfare.

Let us think of those near by us,
And be patient, though they try us.
Though we may be in a hurry,
Never should we push or worry
Those in occupations lowly,
Those who move along more slowly.
Give to each his proper share
Of the world's great thoroughfare.

Let us bear all burdens gladly—
Bear them bravely—never sadly.
Labor on, though often weary ;
Triumphs brighten all things dreary.
Crosses come, we must not mind them ;
Ev'rywhere we're sure to find them.
Crosses here and crosses there—
All along life's thoroughfare.

Strong in truth, we will not waver.
Trials conquered make us braver.
Hope shall help us bear our crosses ;
Gains shall far exceed our *losses.*
True in heart, and true in action,
Noble lives yield satisfaction.
Crosses here—but *crowns* we'll wear,
When beyond life's thoroughfare.

SAVED!

THE STEAMSHIP "SPREE."

In distant port a noble steamer lay,
With preparations made to speed away,
When ebbing tide should bear her to the sea,
And on the broad Atlantic leave her free.
That ship, well built and strong,
And easy of control;
A master-hand would guide,
And soon she'd reach her goal.

With everything supplied, and freight well stored,
And many happy passengers on board;
Down to the open sea she swiftly glides,
And on the swelling waves in triumph rides.
Her pilot at the wheel,
Her captain at the fore,
With all her men in place,
She leaves that distant shore.

The cable gave a message far away,
"The steamship 'Spree' left port on such a day."
Expectant friends received the word, and knew
On such a day the steamer would be due.
Glad hearts await the ship,
When steamer day has come;
Those friends from o'er the sea,
They soon will welcome home.

The day has come. Now anxious friends await
That steamship with her precious living freight.
They watch and wait: they hope 'tis not in vain—
They long to greet those absent ones again.
But, why is there delay?
No steamer greets the eye!
Impatiently they wait,
While days are passing by!

Yes, days have come and gone, and yet no ship!
What has occurred to thus prolong the trip?
Some, almost frenzied, cry to God—who saves—
That loved ones may not sink beneath the waves!
Stout hearts grow faint with fear,
And rosy cheeks turn pale!
They whisper—"Can it be
They perish in a gale?"

Far, far away from friends, and friendly port—
Of winds and waves, that ship is now the sport!
Like mountain summits, those great billows rise—
Then madly rush—and tumble from the skies!
Oh! what can stand before
Great perils such as these?
No greater perils rise
Than perils of the seas!

The shaft is broken! How the steamer rolls!
No pilot guides—no human hand controls!
The slightest thing might now decide their fate—
Their chance for rescue small—their peril great!
The lurching of the ship—
The breaking of a wave—
Might place their lives beyond
The power of man to save!

'Tis God alone those elements can still!
The winds and waves are subject to His will!
All hearts are turned to God in earnest prayer:
There is no scoffing, prayerless spirit there!
The strong forget their strength—
The weak forget how frail!
Nor strength nor weakness saves:
Faith only can prevail!

Oh, what a change! The Saviour speaks the word!
Some hand has touched the garment of our Lord!
Faith triumphs! Winds and waves are still, at last,
And now the perils of the deep are past!
A signal on the "Spree"
Brings help which rescues them!
And Huron's light becomes
Their "Star of Bethlehem."

O doubting soul! This lesson take to heart.
This lesson, which the Spirit would impart.
This truth accept. The Christ of Galilee
Forgiveth sins, and stills the raging sea!
Trust thou in Christ who saves.
Though tempests wild may come,
His power shall still the waves
And guide thee safely home.

THE PROPOSAL.

Yes or No ! which shall it be ?
  Which the answer you should make ?
Oh, how oft 'tis hard to see
  Which the wiser course to take !
Conscientious Yes, or No,
Should decide the way you go ;
If a thoughtless Yes you give,
You may rue it while you live.

Tempters come with winning smiles,
  Come to lead your feet astray ;
Be not captured by their wiles,
  Quickly, firmly, tell them *Nay*.
Be not caught with love of gain ;
Hopes that spring from *greed* are vain ;
Tho' your wealth is quickly told,
Sell not self-respect for gold !

Yes or No, which shall it be,
With a noble life in view ?
When a man comes wooing thee,
Know if he is *good* and *true.*
Is he gambler, idler, knave ?
Or to drink is he a slave ?
Is he vain and fond of show ?
Then with firmness answer *No!*

Tho' he comes with lots of money,
Or with titles old and grand ;
Tho' his words are sweet as honey
When he comes to seek your hand—
If his record makes you start,
If he lacks an honest heart,
Spurn his offer ! let him go !
With a *most decided* No !

True to self and true to God,
Leave results in His control ;
Take His favor or His rod—
Both are sent to bless the soul.
Favor all that's true in life,
Banish that which genders strife ;
Standing on the side of right,
Every burden shall be light.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

This poem on John G. Whittier was written for the "Round Table Club," Passaic, N. J., and was read on the evening of March 8, 1898, at the club meeting.

The structure of this great and mighty nation
Our fathers built upon a Declaration
Which gave equality of rights to all;
On such a basis, could it ever fall?

Declaring all created free and equal,
The reign of justice seemed a fitting sequel.
For them, they'd not submit to unjust laws,
And war for that was for a noble cause.

Kind Heaven decreed in war they'd be victorious.
Thus helped, our fathers reared a nation glorious.
They triumphed o'er their foes on land and sea!
The stars looked down upon a nation, free.

A nation free? Yes, free from their oppressors.
Of this fair land they were the sole possessors.
A nation free? Not free from one dark stain!
'Twas born of selfishness, and selfish gain.

That stain was deep—the stain of human slavery.
Our fathers, brave in war, in that lacked bravery.
They compromised, to make an end of strife,
And slavery gained thereby new lease of life.

How oft 'tis seen—a compromise in sinning
Will bring results far worse than the beginning.
Our fathers hoped that stain would disappear—
Would fainter grow with each departing year.

But slavery grew in spite of expectation,
Until it thought to dictate to the nation.
New States they'd have—new States for slaves!—
'twas then
They felt the power and point of Whittier's pen.

A man of peace, he loved not war's commotion,
And yet for right, so strong was his devotion,
When freedom was assailed, he penned the word
That touched the heart and all its valor stirred.

The Slave State men demanded slave extension!
He'd do what best he could for its prevention.
It must not plant its feet on soil then free—
To curse the coming States! It must not be!

They said: "Return our slaves found in your borders."
Said Whittier: "We'll not obey such orders."
Poor refugees! For them he'd toil and plan.
'Twas thus he showed his love to God and man.

Our country's laws, he'd have them wise and holy:
Alike for all—for high-born and for lowly.
He'd have our country just and truly great.
In this he proved most loyal to the State.

When cruel war brought to our arms disaster,
He saw in all, the chastening of the Master.
Submissive he, when fell the smiting rod.
'Twas thus he showed his loyalty to God.

A man of peace, when cruel war was ended,
To God most high his song of praise ascended.
He hoped the glory of our later day
Would drive the darkness of our night away.

The Southern cross and polar star combining,
Must guide and help the nation by their shining.
One destiny, one common lot for all:
Together rise; together stand or fall.

One flag o'er all the States; a union real
Of hands and hearts; this, Whittier's ideal.
Our nation powerful and great, because
It firmly stands upheld by righteous laws.

May his sweet spirit now pervade the nation.
May justice henceforth be its firm foundation.
And rising on that base, may our broad State,
Thus saved to liberty, be truly great.

* * * * * *

The scene is changed! We hear the wild winds blowing.
We look without and see dark clouds; 'tis snowing!
A dreary night of storm! and all around
Is drifting snow! the words come back: "Snow-bound!"

Around that cheerful hearth we see them gather,
Their pleasure undisturbed by wintry weather:
Completely shut within, by driving storm,
They suffer not, for all is snug and warm.

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MY TREASURE.

One, may find his greatest treasure
  In unbounded wealth of gold.
  Everything for that is sold !
Given that in largest measure—
Limitless his childish pleasure !
  That, so prized in days of old
    Has a special charm for him !
    Fills his goblet to the brim.

One, finds fame the most inviting;
  Seeks it with the greatest zest ;
  If not found, he cannot rest ;
All his energies uniting
In a purpose so exciting !
  Found, he feels supremely blest.
    Life for him has one great aim :
    That, the pinnacle of fame !

But the miser's golden treasure
  Is as naught beside my own.
  What is gold when it has flown?
Fame, too, is a passing pleasure;
Not in any sense a measure
  Of the treasure I enthrone!
    Would you know what most I prize—
    Most of all things 'neath the skies?

Listen, then, I'll tell you of it—
  Tell you of my treasure dear,
  Choicest of my treasures here.
Naught have I to prize above it.
'Tis so true to me, I love it—
  Love it for its truth and cheer.
    This my treasure: do not start!
    'Tis a true and loving heart.

THE HOME.

Two happy birds in the spring of the year
  Laid all their plans for a snug little nest.
High overhead there'd be little to fear—
  Such was the place which they thought would be
    best.

High overhead, in a tall, shady tree—
  Enemies sly could ne'er find it up there.
There they would build, and their dwelling should be
  Fast to a bough, swinging high in the air.

Gladly they worked, their loved home to prepare,
  Cautiously worked, as their building progressed;
Fixing it *here,* and then fixing it *there,*
  Thus they constructed their snug little nest.

One little twig in the side not so full;
  One feather here, and another one there;
Bits of fine grass and a lock of lamb's wool—
  All wrapped about with a thread and a hair.

Oh, what a lot of soft fibre and moss
  Quickly they brought for the lining within;
Choicest of yarn, and of cotton and floss,
  Equal to any the spinners could spin.

Quickly 'twas built, for they worked with a will:
  Happy the pair in their own cosey nest.
Deftly they wrought, and with consummate skill,
  Safely they dwelt where no foes could molest.

* * * * * *

Two happy souls, like these birds with their nest,
  Built them a home; but 'tis not on a tree.
Firm on a rock the foundation stones rest;
  Lovely the home, and as snug as can be.

Furnished throughout with a fitness for place—
  Airy and light, and so restful withal;
Deftly arranged, every curtain shows *grace,*
  So do the pictures that hang on the wall.

Sightly the place, and delightful the view,
  Hearts are united, with peace in the home;
Each to the other so loving and true,
  Little care they o'er the wide world to roam.

Happy the home where the hearth-fire burns—
  Peacefully burns, through the journey of life.
Happy the man who from labor returns
  Safe to his home, and the love of his wife.

Thoughtful the wife, and she takes special pains,
Knowing full well she can pleasure impart.
Happiness comes to the home where she reigns—
Reigns as a queen, in the realm of the heart.

Long may they dwell in that home of content.
Blessings of home may they more and more prize.
Life at last ended, its moments well spent,
Upward be borne to a home in the skies.

THE INDIAN MAID.

The subject of the following poem, entitled "The Indian Maid," is found in the poems of Hon. James B. Everhart. "Indian Hannah" was the last of the Lenape tribe. She lived in a hut near the Brandywine long after her people had disappeared. While on a recent visit in the home of Professor Darlington, the author read with delight Mr. Everhart's poems, and after his return to his home composed the following verses:

In a very short note,
  At the end of a book,
Is a name you will find,
  If you happen to look.
'Tis the name of a maiden
  None now can describe—
'Tis the name of the last
  Of the Lenape tribe.

Near the Brandywine lived,
  In a hut, all alone,
A dark child of the forest,
  Whose people had gone!
To that hut she'd return
  At the close of the day,
But her thoughts would go roaming—
  Away—far away.

Oh, what feelings of sadness
  Would come to her heart!
When she thought of the past
  She would suddenly start;
For her loved ones, long gone
  To the great hunting ground,
In her fancy she saw them
  Come trooping around.

Gone!—as suddenly gone
  As the vision had come!
All was silent and dark
  In her desolate home.
All the braves of her tribe
  Low in death had been laid.
Oh, how lonely the heart
  Of that Indian maid!

Where the Brandywine traces
  Its course to the sea,
O'er those fields now historic
  She roamed, wild and free.
All had passed from her side
  Who affection had shown,
And the last of her tribe
  Was left standing *alone!*

But the days of life's journey
  Were ended at last,
For the years that seemed slow
  Had been travelling fast.
Just her *name* now remains—
  Nothing more can we trace—
It was "*Hannah,*" the last
  Of the Lenape race.

Such a name seemeth *strange*
  For an Indian Maid!
Was it given because
  She was sober and staid?
It may be—"*in her darkness*
  She'd seen the great light!"
And that now she is clothed
  In a garment of white.

Whisper softly, ye winds!
  Where her ashes repose,
Waft the music of birds,
  And the breath of the rose.
O thou orb of the day,
  Make it glad with thy light!
Moon and stars, as ye shine,
  Keep ye watch through the night.

Dusky maid of the wildwood!
No more dost thou roam;
In the new hunting ground
Thou hast found thee a home.
When the "*Great Spirit*" called thee
Thy dear ones to meet—
How responsive thy heart-throbs,
How willing thy feet.

Dusky maid of the wildwood!
From mem'ry retreating,
In the distance we see thee,
And send thee our greeting.
From oblivion call thee—
Prolonging thy stay;
Ere thy name and thy race
Pass forever away.

On the beautiful banks
Of thy loved Brandywine,
There we see, in our fancy,
The rise and decline
Of the Len-a-pe tribe;
Noble warriors and brave!
And their history lives
When we think of thy grave.

From the hand of a stranger
  This garland receive,
For the wrongs of thy kindred,
  His spirit doth grieve.
'Tis a pale-face who greets thee
  With sympathy true,
O thou child of the forest,
  All hail! and adieu!

THE GRADUATES.

Of all the happy girls around,
Where can the happiest be found?
They're in the graduating class.
They've toiled for years—and now they pass.

They've had their anxious study hours
Which tested strength and mental powers—
Gave tired look and care-worn brow,
And sleepless nights—all ended now.

The lovely days of June are here—
The brightest days of all the year;
Most lovely, for the school term closes
In this delightful month of roses.

Light-hearted girls! They well have earned,
By all the lessons they have learned,
Approving smiles and words of praise
Which mark the end of school-girl days.

Oh, well may they give joyous shout;
For books are closed, and "school is out."
With lovely roses in their hair,
Those merry girls go everywhere.

They visit each familiar nook,
By shady dell or babbling brook—
The cool, inviting places where
They built their "castles in the air."

With some, perchance, a tingle of sadness
Is mixed with all their joy and gladness;
For every act or thought unkind,
Though long since past, will come to mind.

The bitter word so lightly spoken,
The rule of school unwisely broken,
The heedless action, great or small,
With sad regret they now recall.

But hope, unfailing, lends its aid,
And sunshine takes the place of shade.
A bright to-morrow greets the eye,
And soon the clouds and shadows fly.

While some will build on shifting sand—
Though fine their work, it cannot stand.
But graduates should build with pride
On rock foundations that abide.

Truth, knowledge, right: on this broad rock,
Their work defies time's rudest shock;
For these great pow'rs will never die,
While roll the planets in the sky.

A HELPING HAND.

A HELPING HAND.

The little girl at grandpa's side,
With helping hand upon the oar,
Gives promise fair
The world to bless.
She'll do her share
When duties press.
When older grown, 'gainst wind and tide,
That little girl at grandpa's side,
With willing hand upon the oar,
May help to gain the far-off shore.

And grandpa sees, with honest pride,
A trusting heart illumes her face.
Her grandpa dear,
With valiant arm,
So very near,
Will let no harm
Befall the darling at his side.
She trusts that arm so true and tried.
She trusts to him in ev'ry place;
That trust illumes her thoughtful face.

God grant the child, when older grown,
May lend a hand to bless the world.
May storms of life,
With ups and downs,
Its bitter strife
And chilling frowns,
And all the ills to mortals known,
Be less when she is older grown,
As 'neath Love's banner broad, unfurled,
She toils to bless a needy world.

A helping hand! What joy it brings
To one weighed down by care or pain!
It brings relief,
It smooths the road;
It softens grief,
It lifts the load.
A star of hope, on joyous wings
Is borne aloft, o'er transient things.
The helping hand oft makes it plain
What seemed a loss was greatest gain.

In ages past a woman's sphere
Was dwarfed and cramped by heathen might.
So much a slave—
Debased, profaned.
For all she gave
She little gained!

She found in life but trifling cheer;
'Twas ceaseless toil and slavish fear!
Her star, eclipsed in darkest night,
Gave out no hopeful ray of light.

The sun of righteousness arose,
And midnight darkness fled away.
Such dismal night
No more is feared.
Before that light
Wrongs disappeared,
And woman, ransomed from her foes,
Exalted worth and greatness shows.
Her helping hand gives joy to-day;
She onward, upward, points the way.

O woman true! let golden rays
From noble deeds illume the land.
Stand! firmly stand
For righteous laws:
Maintain each grand
And noble cause.
Give earnest work through coming days,
And thou shalt fill all heaven with praise.
Use thou the gifts at thy command,
And give the world a helping hand.

Though bigots blame, and knaves assail,
If conscience doth thy work approve,
No dread decree,
No scoff or frown,
Can keep from thee
Thy well-earned crown.
Though Satan's forces rant and rail,
Thy earnest efforts shall prevail;
For God, who rules and reigns above,
Approves thy worthy works of love.

NEGLECTED GRAVES IN HALLOWED GROUND.

There was a time when but a few were there.
The graves were new, and fresh each mound of earth.
By willing hands each plot was kept with care,
A loving tribute to departed worth.

The years have come and gone, and many dead
Repose within that consecrated ground!
A monument, or stone, now marks the head
Of many graves of loved ones scattered 'round.

'Tis sad to see how much neglect is there—
How many graves are visited no more!
How many plots have not the slightest care:
With weeds and brambles they are covered o'er.

'Tis not that loving hearts are insincere.
In distant homes, perchance, survivors dwell.
So far away from those to mem'ry dear,
By watchful care their love they cannot tell.

We go about the place and read the names
Of those we knew in years long since gone by.
Of those who joined us in our youthful games—
Of friends for whom, unbidden, comes a sigh!

Fond mem'ry wakes at sight of names in stone
That thrilled young hearts with joy, or hope, or love.
A vision greets us from the years long gone,
And points from earth to brighter realms above.

Our parents, truest friends on earth, are there,
Their cares now laid aside, their work all done.
Of joy, and grief, and pain, they had their share;
'Tis ended all—their earthly race is run.

The young and old are resting side by side.
They passed away with all their hopes and fears.
As down the stream the limpid waters glide,
So man glides swiftly on, and disappears.

We cease to mourn for those beyond the skies:
Their happy state, from sorrow brings relief.
As years go by, new friends and scenes arise,
And occupation blunts the edge of grief.

Though far removed from early scenes, above
Their resting place let thoughtful care be shown.
The place, where sleeps the dust of those we love,
Should ne'er be found with briers overgrown!

The graves of friends should have a proper care—
A care so well bestowed 'twould merit praise.
Tho' new friends come, our present joys to share,
Let us remember those of other days.

Let us provide for care we cannot give,
And set apart for it a sacred trust.
'Twill be a sweet remembrance while we live—
'Twill tell of hearts of love, when we are dust.

Green be the turf above each sleeping form;
Let loving care be traced on all around.
For dear ones gone, let hearts be ever warm;
Count their last resting place as *hallowed ground.*

The marble crumbles all too quickly here,
And names beloved will pass from mortal sight.
Tho' carved in stone, how soon they disappear!
In Book of Life, they live in lines of light.

ARBOR DAY.

Thanks to legislators wise,
  Who, to carry out a plan,
Set aside an "Arbor Day"
  For the benefit of man.
  'Tis a wise and noble plan!
Beneficial 'tis to plant
  Trees, to bless the coming days.
Bless with shade and bless with fruit—
  Bless the world in many ways,
  Greatly bless in coming days!

It is wise to plant a tree—
  Trees will grow while we're asleep.
They will send their branches high;
  Far around their roots will creep.
  They are growing while we sleep!
Drawing sustenance from earth,
  They will grow and they will thrive.
Nature's God hath given life,
  And will help to keep alive.
  God will help, and they will thrive!

Plant a tree, and it will grow,
  Day by day, and year by year
It will beautify and bless,
  It will elevate and cheer;
  Bless and comfort year by year!
Plant to-day, for coming time.
  Plant a tree and give it care.
Plant it firmly, give good soil;
  Give of thought a gen'rous share.
  Give it thought, and give it care!

It will wave its branches high;
  Song of love its leaves will sing.
Clothed in verdure, it will vie
  With the choicest gifts of spring.
  Softly, sweet, its leaves will sing!
Sing its gratitude to God!
  Sing its gratitude to thee!
Pointing upward, lead thee on—
  Sweet thy thoughts of God will be.
  Plant a tree! Oh, plant a tree!

If not space to plant a tree,
  Plant a seed, a shrub, or vine.
Give it care, and thou wilt see
  Life spring up, and grow, and twine—
  Life of seed, or shrub, or vine!

Seed will bring the blossoms sweet,
Shrub an added joy impart,
Vine and branches, life complete—
Type of God within the heart.
This will strength and grace impart!

God, the Architect of worlds,
Formed the seed, the shrub, the tree;
Formed the branches and the vine;
Taught us what our lives should be.
See his work in every tree!
Thus this joyous Arbor Day
Leads us on to thoughts of God!
Life springs forth from common clay—
Things of beauty from a clod!
All things lovely are of God.

LAKE ONTARIO.

'Twas an ideal morning in spring-time,
When we started to visit the Lake.
We had planned long before for the outing—
Had resolved such an outing to take.
So the work for the day was omitted,
And the team harnessed up for the road.
All the family, packed in a wagon,
Made an old-fashioned "Methodist load!"

It was only three miles we were going,
But the road, in some places, was steep;
For, wherever a water-course crossed it,
It had gullied a passage quite deep.
Some, to lighten the load to the hill-top,
Scrambled out, for a walk, at the side.
Their compassion, and care for the horses,
Made them choose to walk rather than ride.

As we came near the end of our journey,
We beheld a long stretch of dark blue.
From the left to the right it extended—
'Twas Ontario's waters, we knew.
And, besides, as we slowly approached it,
We detected an ominous roar—
'Twas the voice of the waters, advancing—
'Twas the breaking of waves on the shore.

'Twas the work of a moment, unloading—
In a trice we were all on the beach.
And the beautiful lake was before us,
Stretching—far as our vision could reach.
While the lines of long waves, with their whitecaps,
Dashed themselves on the shore, one by one;
Far away, in the distance, were riding
Ships, all white in the glare of the sun.

'Twas a beautiful picture before us!
With its grandeur we all were impressed.
'Twas a picture of life and of action,
For its waters were never at rest.
Like the ranks of an army in motion,
Came the waves, with a dash and a roar—
Rolling in, with precision and order,
To at last break in foam on the shore!

At our feet was a study in pebbles,
  Cast ashore by the waves rolling high,
Back and forth with those waves they had struggled,
  But 'twas useless their force to defy.
All their corners were gracefully rounded,
  From the greatest to those that were small;
And a constant commotion and thumping
  Had successfully polished them all.

Some were red, some were green, others yellow;
  Some were white, some were black, others gray;
Some were dashed with a mixture of colors,
  And the whole made a pleasing display.
'Twas a joy to go seeking the pebbles,
  And we walked a long way in our quest.
And we found for our pains many choice ones,
  Ere we turned for our luncheon and rest.

That long stroll on the beach made us hungry;
  Made us glad for a seat 'neath the trees,
Where the care of our painstaking mother
  Had provided a luncheon to please.
There we gathered for rest and refreshment
  Most inviting, because of our walk:
And, so much had been found interesting,
  We were all of us ready to talk.

One had found such a beautiful flower!
And another, a lovely white stone.
One had found a remarkable crystal
That, in sunshine, like diamond had shone!
Still another had captured a nugget:
It was yellow, and heavy, like gold!
Oh, how rich we would be, and how happy,
When the diamond and nugget were sold!

One was busy with fanciful pictures—
Combinations of lake, sky, and land;
One with lake stones had built quite a fortress,
While another was digging the sand.
One found greatest delight in the water,
While another admired the sky;
One was charmed with the rolling of whitecaps,
One delighted with ships sailing by.

That bright day at the Lake gave us pleasure—
Not the half of it now we recall.
'Twas a day of delightful surprises,
So complete, they were relished by all.
Oh, the pleasures of childhood, how fleeting!
Soon they're gone, to return—nevermore!
And the years that succeed—quickly vanish,
Like the waves that are spent on the shore.

THIS BUSY WORLD.

Busy are the children, busy with their play,
From the early morning to the close of day.
Busy, ever busy, needing watch and care,
Busy are the mothers, watching everywhere.
Busy children playing,
Thoughtless children straying:
But for mother's guiding hand,
They would never understand.

Busy are the children when they're older grown;
Busy with their studies, much is to be known;
Poring o'er their lessons, treasuring their gains;
Oh, the satisfaction, taking special pains!
Knowledge is a treasure,
Winning it a pleasure.
If neglected, knowledge flies
Busy students win the prize.

Busy, these same children, later on in life,
Happy school days ended, eager for the strife.
In the world's arena, working with a will,
Busy, ever busy, each his place to fill.
Farmer, lawyer, teacher,
Workman, judge, or preacher:
What the work of hand or brain,
Honest labor brings a gain.

Busy—some are busy seeking for renown.
Some are very busy tearing others down:
Busy spreading scandal, raking up the mire—
Piling on the coal, to make a hotter fire.
Breath of foul detraction
Gives them satisfaction;
Other's faults, their stock in trade,
So their gain or loss is made.

Busy—some are busy heaping up the gold;
So absorbed in trade, they're prematurely old.
For the aid of others, little they impart,
So supremely selfish, naught can touch the heart.
Callous kindly feeling—
Lack of love revealing.
Busy for themselves *alone*.
"*Love of self*" is on the throne.

All the world is busy, either right or wrong.
Some, for truth and honor, valiant are and strong.
Some in ways of darkness work with might and main,
Overriding others, selfish ends to gain.
Selfishness is active,
Gains for self attractive.
If with fortune they are blest,
Little care they for the rest.

Busy, ever busy, let the work be done;
Work there is of some kind, work for ev'ry one.
Take the task and do it—faithful be, and true;
Then, however hard, 'twill never master you.
On the Lord relying,
He your wants supplying—
Fills your measure more and more
From his never-failing store.

Busy, ever busy, on the side of right;
Wide awake and active, keep your armor bright.
Watch your wily foe, resist his cunning art;
Never let him stand as master of your heart!
Selfishness repressing,
Make your life a blessing.
Truest pleasure you shall find,
Living thus, to bless mankind.

THE LUNAR RAINBOW.

A night long since past, I remember with pleasure:
A vision of beauty is fresh in my mind.
If only a dream, it would still be a treasure—
A treasure which mortals but seldom can find.
But dream it was not: with my eyes I beheld it,
A picture of beauty surpassingly fine.
My rapture was great, for the vision compelled it.
'Twas traced on the cloud by a finger divine!

The moon in the south (at its full it was shining)
Was shaded but slightly by mists in the air.
A cloud in the north was with rain-drops combining,
And all the conditions for rainbow were there.
'Twas just at that moment the mists that concealed it
Arose, and displayed the pale-moon's brightest light;
A glance at the sky at that moment revealed it—
The glorious vision! a rainbow at night!

My heart-throbs were quick, rushing faster and faster,
While watching that wonderful vision so new!
Once only, I've seen such a work of the Master,
But memory brings it quite clearly to view.
The arch was complete; but the colors were dimmer
Than bow in the day-time, and softer their light.
Their blendings, so perfect, were lost in a shimmer—
They changed to an outline—then vanished from sight!

Philosophers tell us the why and the wherefore
Of much that is dark to an untutored mind.
And skeptics declare, with derision, that therefore
No need for a God over all can they find.
In spite of deductions by blindness inspired,
We hold to our God, though His laws we may know;
Though sunshine and rain and a cloud are required,
The hand of Omnipotence fashions the bow!

'Twas told to a lad that a big pot of money
Could always be found at the foot of the bow!
'Tis said, the lad sought the place, golden and sunny,
But never could reach it—go fast or go slow!
How often in life is the prize found retiring,
Like foot of the bow, in the story of old;
But faith in Jehovah our life-work inspiring,
Is *treasure,* in value, far greater than gold!

The bow in the cloud, with its promise of blessing,
  Received as a token from heaven above,
Enables beholders, the Father confessing,
  To sing of His goodness, His mercy, and love.
That vision of beauty, as now I recall it,
  Shines forth, as a gem, in the path which I trod;
An exquisite picture! I prize it—extol it!
  A painting superb! by the finger of God!

THE STORM.

It was winter. The darkness came early,
For the clouds had obscured the light.
Chilly winds from the northeast were blowing,
And the sun quickly crept out of sight.
All the chickens, dismayed, sought their perches,
Long before it was time by the clock;
For old chanticleer sharply gave warning,
There was danger, outside, to the flock.

All the branches of trees were in motion,
As the winds whistled by with a roar!
'Twas as wild as the roar of the ocean,
When its mighty waves break on the shore.
Flakes of snow by the million were flying;
Tho' so white, they soon darkened the sky.
Thicker, faster, and fiercer their onset,
On the wings of the wind they did fly!

As the farmer looked out of his window,
He beheld sure signs of the storm.
Then he hastened to fodder his cattle,
And give bedding, that they might be warm.
Ere the chores were half finished, the storm-clouds,
In their fury, enveloped the earth.
Then it was that the sheds for the cattle,
To the farmer, gave proof of their worth.

Oh, how quickly the sheep gathered 'round him,
As he went with a fork-full of hay,
To deposit it where they could get it—
Where the strong could not drive them away.
All the cattle, in turn, had their portion,
And the horses, their grain in the stall.
Then the straw was provided for bedding—
Thus he managed to care for them all.

Now, tho' fiercely the winds howl around them,
They'll be safe till the morn's welcome light—
Thus the farmer, in gladness, was musing,
As he turned to depart for the night.
Short the path from the barn to the farm-house,
But his hands, feet, and ears plainly told,
By the pain of so brief an exposure,
How severe, how intense, was the cold.

From the school came the children, all breathless;
On the way, they were caught in the storm.
With the wind and the snow in their faces,
'Twas impossible they should keep warm.
Home at last, they were all of them gathered,
Safe within, while the winds howled around.
Safe within, by a broad open fire,
While the earth by the storm king was bound.

At the table they all of them gathered,
Each with appetite big as the storm;
And the bountiful supper provided,
Had a full share in keeping them warm.
Tho' the storm raged around them so wildly,
There was comfort and warmth by the fire.
There was reading, and study, and labor,
Till the time had arrived to retire.

When the Bible was read, then the father,
In an audible voice, led in prayer
To the infinite, all-wise Jehovah,
For His blessing, protection, and care.
Then beneath warmest blankets they slumbered,
While the sifting snows covered them o'er.
When they sprang from their beds in the morning,
There was snow all around on the floor.

At the window, Jack Frost had been busy
With a pencil and brush! in a trice
He had sketched graceful ferns and tall fir trees—
Lofty mountains and vales—all in ice!
While without, every road was blockaded,
And the snow, in great banks, had been piled
To the tops of the doors and the windows!
All was desolate, dreary, and wild.

First of all, a brisk fire was started,
With a back-log, and sticks placed before;
Then the farmer dug out to his cattle—
It was dig, all the way from his door!
When the chores were all done, he most gladly
Sought the warmth of the high-climbing blaze,
With the bed of live coals—where the breakfast
Was prepared, with skill worthy of praise.

Tho' the morning was dreary and frosty,
The two brothers concluded to go
To the school-house—a mile from their dwelling:
They would go there, in spite of the snow.
Well protected with muffler and mittens,
Through the provident care of the mother,
With a trust that knew nothing of danger,
The young lad took the hand of his brother.

Forth they went, to encounter the snow-banks—
The great drifts that had formed in the night;
For the wind and the snow, by combining,
Quickly buried the roads out of sight.
Soon they found that the wind had been shifting
To the southward, and then to the west;
But the snow, most submissive, kept drifting,
In response to the wind's wild behest.

Through the drifts, they were moving on slowly,
But their progress no faster could be;
When they tried by hard work to improve it,
All at once they were stopped by a tree!
'Twas an elm of the forest, left standing
As a specimen, shapely in form.
Although firm in the ground, and well balanced,
It had bowed to the force of the storm.

And there, crossing the road at right angles,
Was the tree, sadly out of its place.
'Twas of no earthly use—an obstruction;
Out of place, this is always the case.
It was plain to be seen, to surmount it
They must turn to the right and go 'round.
So with courage they waded the snow-banks—
With success their endeavors were crowned.

Notwithstanding their extra exertions,
And the warmth that exertion will bring,
So intense was the cold of the west winds,
That the lad, by their bite and their sting,
Was compelled to cry out; and the brother
Led the way to a vacant old house.
'Twas the first place that offered them shelter—
'Twas a shelter for man and for mouse.

Safe within, a brisk rubbing and thumping
Brought the blood into action once more.
They were soon on their way to the school-house,
Just as jolly and brave as before.
On they trudged, but Jack Frost seemed determined
That the brothers should miss their desire:
'Twas so cold, as they came to a farm-house,
They were glad to get warm by a fire.

Once again, they were ready to try it;
Once again, they were out in the snow;
Once again, on their way to the school-house,
With their faces and hands in a glow.
And they won! So old Jack Frost was baffled;
For they reached the school door with a cheer!
As they hoped, they were there in good season,
Tho' the storm and the cold were severe.

When the school session closed, off they started
For a tramp through the snow to their home.
But the storm, so severe, had subsided,
And a track showed where others had come.
As they came to the tree that had fallen,
They were glad no obstruction to meet;
For the farmer's sharp axe had been wielded,
And the tree had been dragged from the street.

Such a storm seldom visits the country:
No such drifting for many a day!
All the farmers around were kept busy
Digging out to the public highway.
There, combining their strength, they kept digging
For a road where an ox-team could go;
Then with sleigh-loads the oxen pulled through it:
Thus they broke the blockade of the snow.

At the close of the day all were gathered
By the hearth, where the fire was bright;
They, so joyous, contented, and happy,
Were shut in by the curtain of night.
'Twas so quiet without, in the starlight,
And within 'twas so cosey and warm,
One would never suspect for a moment
There had been such a terrible storm.

OBSTRUCTIONS.

When a laudable work is presented
  Which demands earnest effort and skill,
We are sure to meet with obstructions
  That will hamper or hinder the will.
If 'tis study to fit us for labor—
  For the pulpit, the bar, or the shop—
We are sure to meet with obstructions
  That will rise and command us to stop.

We must be on our guard, and be active;
  Be courageous and valiant in fight;
Lift an arm for the good and the noble—
  What we do, we must do with our might.
Timid warriors will fall: in the battle
  We must stand like a rock, and be brave!
With firm hand all our foes we must grapple,
  Then obstructions will never enslave.

For success in the work we have chosen,
We must labor from morn until night;
And when obstacles rise to confront us—
Undismayed, we must put them to flight.
Oh, for shame! if we yield to obstructions,
When we toil for the good and the true;
We must labor the harder, if need be,
Keeping ever the object in view.

Like the tree which obstructed the highway,
Made to yield 'neath the strokes of the axe,
They must never be left unsurmounted—
To a foe we must ne'er turn our backs!
In our work for the Master, obstructions
Sometimes come, where we hoped for best aid;
They may hinder our work for the present,
But look upward, and be undismayed!

Great obstructions of all kinds are conquered
By wise energy, action, and blows;
We can never, by resting supinely,
Think to conquer our insolent foes!
When obstructions would keep us from progress,
We must strike with a powerful arm,
Trusting always in Him who is mighty:
He will guide us, and keep us from harm.

There is often true wisdom in waiting.
Vindication shall be our redress.
Having done what we thought was our duty,
We must trust in our Father to bless.
Tho' obstructions come thicker and faster,
We must battle them early and late.
Do our duty, and work for the Master ;
Trusting Him, learn to labor and wait.

THE IRON HORSE.

I.

Let him go—the train is ready;
Ring the bell, and let him go!
All are ready for the journey—
Passengers are prompt, you know.
Let the steed his mettle show.
Give the signal—let him go!

II.

Engineer, now pull the throttle!
Give the Iron Horse a chance.
He is ever quick in action—
Hear him snort and see him prance.
He is eager to advance!
Give the noble steed a chance.

III.

Never charger in a battle
  Wheeled in line to meet the foe
With a prouder look of courage
  Than this steed, with coals aglow!
  He is glad his speed to show.
  Give him rein, and let him go.

IV.

Now he starts! We reach the tunnel.
  Cautiously he picks his way.
Through the passage dark he watches—
  Watches for the light of day!
  Like a noble iron-gray—
  Once outside, he speeds away.

V.

Faster, faster, now he travels,
  Breathing steam, and spitting fire!
Sure-footed, safely travels
  O'er the meadow and the mire,
  Ev'ry footfall striking fire!
  Keeping pace with rash desire.

VI.

Safely travels? Are you sure?
Grip of engineer is tight.
When he pulls a rein, how quickly
Does he check his rapid flight.
In the darkness or the light,
Pulls a rein and all is right!

VII.

Now he stands quite still and passive,
But we feel his throbbing heart!
When he hears the given signal
He is ready for a start.
All *impatient* for a start,
Faster beats his throbbing heart!

VIII.

Quickly springs he, at the bidding
Of the faithful engineer.
O'er the iron railway speeding,
Not a motion showing fear!
Objects passed soon disappear,
And the distant goal is near.

IX.

Ev'ry muscle now in action,
Ev'ry movement unconfined!
Faster flies the smoke and cinders—
He is speeding like the wind!
Trailing dust he leaves behind!
Strength and speed are well combined.

X.

Not a sluggish step is taken!
Does he never—never tire?
Is he always on his mettle?
Zeal like this we must admire!
Admiration rises higher,
When we see such force and fire!

XI.

Now our steed is moving slowly;
Now he stops: a touch he feels!
Mind, triumphant over matter,
Thus its mighty pow'r reveals;
Force, controlled by knowledge, yields,
And our steed that power feels!

XII.

Noble steed! The journey over,
He is panting in his stall;
Passengers are safely landed—
Safely landed, one and all.
Now he's resting in his stall,
Waiting for another call.

XIII.

He has done his work most nobly,
Give him everything he needs;
Best of grooming should be given
All such dashing, fiery steeds!
Admiration ever pleads,
"Give the *best* for noble deeds!"

XIV.

Here's a lesson we should ponder;
'Tis a lesson taught of old.
Mighty forces may be hurtful—
Only good, when well controlled.
Hold the lever, firmly hold!
Do no wrong for greed of gold.

XV.

Fellow-toilers, let us ever
Do the work we have in hand
With a cheerful, willing spirit,
And a purpose that is *grand*.
Let us take a noble stand,
All our forces to command.

XVI.

Then, when resting from our labors,
When our work has all been done,
As we near the goal of heaven—
As low sinks life's setting sun—
Called from labor, one by one,
We will hear the glad "Well done!"

THE RESCUE.

I.

Young Roy had been working quite hard through
the day;
His balance of cash was a little astray.
Work caused by an error seems harder, you know.
Roy vowed he would find it before he would go.
Disgusted he was, and his face wore a frown:
Through columns of figures he went up and down.
Detecting no error, he added once more,
But footings remained just the same as before.

II.

What next should he do? He was quite at a loss:
The hunt for the error was making him cross.
He checked back his work still more carefully, then,
To see if 'twas really the fault of his pen.
At last, he detected the cause of his trouble.
Transposing some figures had made his work double.
Corrected, he put books and papers away;
His face wore a smile—he was through for the day.

III.

He looked at the clock, and he saw at a glance,
He had for his train *just a ghost of a chance!*
But, wishing to reach it, the effort he'd make:
He had an engagement he'd rather not break.
He put on his hat, and as quick as a flash,
With resolute will for that train made a dash.
Past this one, and that one, so rapid his flight,
'Twould seem that his chances for winning were bright.

IV.

That error in cash made young Roy miss the train.
Though running to gain it, his efforts were vain.
While nearing the station, he saw, with dismay,
Far out on the track, it was speeding away.
For want of a minute, his plans were upset.
No time can be won by a sigh of regret.
Thus, often in life, though results we bewail,
For want of lost time, plans and purposes fail.

V.

The shadows of night had crept over the earth,
And *sleep*, as a *tonic*, was proving its worth.
Young Roy had retired, so weary was he:
From care, and from worry, once more he was free.

But Roy was a fireman, true to the name :
He ne'er turned away, with a building aflame.
His sleep—it was short ; for a house was on fire !
And flames, all too quickly, climbed higher and higher !

VI.

What's that ? queried Roy, as he lifted his head.
The bells rang out louder ! he sprang from his bed !
'Tis *fire !* said Roy, and he dressed for the fray :
In briefest time possible, he was away !
'Twas fire indeed ! for the sky was aglow
From the light of the flames that were raging below !
Roy quickened his pace, for that terrible glare
Made him feel all the more that he ought to be there.

VII.

A drinking saloon was in part of the block,
And men had been in there, to sample the stock.
They drank till they nearly had lost all their senses—
Their losses were great, without counting expenses.
They drank—then they quarrelled, though formerly friends ;
'Tis often the way such debauchery ends !
At last, in the mêlée, a lamp was o'erthrown,
And oil, in a blaze, all around them was strown.

VIII.

'Twas thus that the fire was started that night
Which gave to the town such a terrible fright.
No matter to firemen how it began,
To extinguish the flames, they were there to a man.
There, bravest of men, and young Roy, with the rest,
Fought the flames with a will, and were doing their best,
When, over the noise of the fire and steam,
Rang out, on the air, a most pitiful scream!

IX.

'Twas frightful! They listened—and looked ev'ry-where.
Again it was heard! 'twas the cry of despair!
A maiden was seen at a window up high—
'Twas she who had uttered that heart-rending cry.
Quick! quick!! Put a ladder up there, 'gainst the wall,
And go to her rescue! Go! answer her call!
The ladder they placed just as near as they could,
And many brave men volunteered, as they should.

X.

Brave Roy was the first one the ladder to mount.
No moments to lose! ev'ry moment would count!
A *life* was at stake, and he'd not be afraid!
He sprang to the window, to rescue the maid!

Below, from the crowd, came a cheer, and a shout,
As he entered the room, from the ladder, without.
The smoke from the window came thicker and faster,
And ev'ry one feared a most dreadful disaster!

XI.

All breathless, the crowd is now waiting, below,
All anxious, the fate of that couple to know.
Each second—a minute! oh, Time, why so slow?
Prayer comes with each breath, and the scalding tears flow!
Meanwhile, Roy is carefully groping his way
Low down, for the smoke, to the place where she lay.
The smoke, and the crackling of flames, and the roar,
Had dazed the poor girl—she was limp, on the floor!

XII.

Roy's arm is around her, the window is gained!
And the shouts of the crowd are no longer restrained!
He rests just a bit, to recover his breath,
And voices are hushed to the stillness of death!
Now, out on the ladder he places his feet,
And voices are raised, his bold efforts to greet.
One arm is encircling the girl he would save.
Success seems awaiting that fireman brave.

XIII.

Stout arms are extended to care for his prize,
And safe on a mattress the body now lies.
The doctor most skilfully seeks to restore
The breath that seemed gone—to return nevermore.
What joy! when to questions the doctor replies:
"There's hope! for the maiden has opened her eyes!"
The mother is there, with her arms wide extended,
To clasp to her bosom the child thus befriended.

XIV.

But where is the hero who won in the strife?
Who, fighting the fire, has rescued a life?
When all had been done, of his strength he was shorn:
All helpless, by comrades away he was borne.
Those firemen brave still kept fighting the fire.
Until it was vanquished they would not retire.
The question went 'round, while all hearts beat with joy,
"Who—who is the girl that was rescued by Roy?

XV.

A neighbor was standing quite near them just then,
And, hearing their question, he answered the men.
"That girl is the daughter of Timothy White,
A worthy mechanic—you know him by sight.

Whenever by teachers she's put to the test,
This Alice is counted the brightest and best.
In class-work at school she climbs higher and higher—
Oh, bright is the jewel Roy snatched from the fire!"

* * * * * *

XVI.

Years later—were seen, on a beautiful street,
A house and surroundings, both cosey and neat.
Contentment was stamped on the face of the mother,
And happiness dwelt in the heart of the other.
Two children were there—they were healthy and active,
Intelligent, bright-eyed, and very attractive.
The *younger*, a girl; and the *older*, a boy:
The sister, was *Alice*—the brother, was *Roy*.

XVII.

The parents, one night, when about to retire,
Sat, pleasantly musing, before a low fire,
When Roy broke the silence by telling his wife
How near he came missing the joy of his life.
"One day, I had planned to leave home for the night.
I made a mistake, and my cash was not right.
I stayed, to check back, and I found it at last,
But when I had finished, the train-time was past!

XVIII.

So, home I went, thinking it really too bad
To miss the good visit I was to have had.
That night, Alice, dear, was the night of the fire!
I'd not have been there if I'd had my desire!
But missing the train, though by *only a minute,*
Is proof, to my mind, of a Providence in it.
I planned, and why thwarted was more than I knew:
The good hand of Providence led me to *you!*"

XIX.

"Dear Roy," said the wife, "very strange it all seems.
We hear of such happ'nings in novels and dreams.
Our plans often fail—'tis a mystery deep:
'The Lord is our Shepherd,' He cares for His sheep.
Though trials are bitter—though crosses give pain,
What seemeth a *loss* is quite often a *gain.*
Whatever befalleth, the Lord shall have praise;
We'll trust Him, dear Roy, to the end of our days."

XX.

The fire burned low, but so deep their emotion,
Their hearts were aglow with a hallowed devotion.
The thought of the way the dear Lord had led them,
Had kept them from danger—had clothed them and
fed them—

Was filling their cup with an exquisite pleasure,
The worldling knows not—cannot fathom or measure.
In silence they knelt, and both offered a prayer
Of thanksgiving and praise, for protection and care.

XXI.

The men who are ready, at tap of the bell,
To spring from their beds, hungry flames to repel;
Who fear not the danger, when sounds the alarm,
But work with a will to keep others from harm:
Such men should have honor and favor, if any;
There's much they give up for the good of the many.
Roy's children soon learned of their perilous ways,
And ne'er failed to give them their just meed of praise.

XXII.

Whenever the firemen march in procession,
The face of young Roy wears a joyous expression.
He tells little Alice, when older he grows
He'll join the brigade and wear firemen's clothes!
When flames block the stairways, when fiercely they whirl,
He'll climb up the ladder and rescue a girl!
Then Alice, delighted, tells all to her mother,
And says she is proud of her brave-hearted brother.

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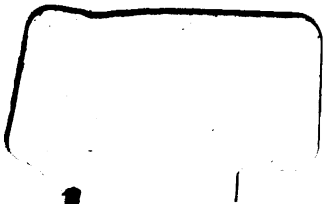
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